Mr Smith

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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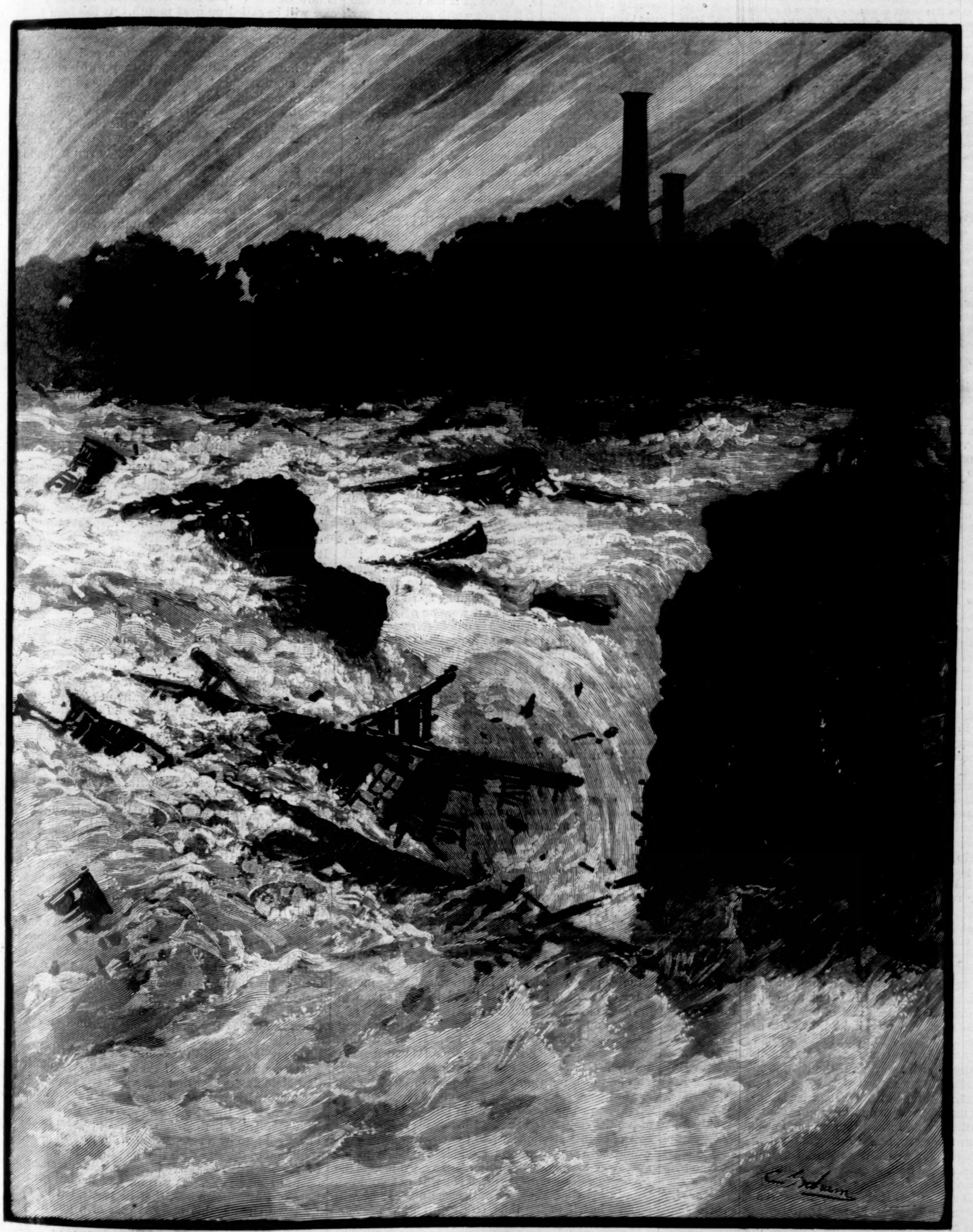


THE FLOODS IN NEW JERSEY—SCENE AT THE PASSAIC FALLS.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 630.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, October 7, 1882.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

No. 153, published October 3, is especially rich in bright and entertaining fiction. Mr. James Otis, *the popular author of* "*Toby Tyler*," "*Tim and Tip*," *etc., begins a new story in three chapters, entitled* "*Their Girl.*" *There is a short story by* Mr. David Ker, *called* "*The Soldier's Cheese*," *and one by* Sidney Dayre, *called* "*Deacon Dodd's Calf.*" *In Chapter VIII. of the serial story,* "*The Cruise of the Canoe Club*," *the young heroes meet with an interesting adventure, in which a wild-cat figures conspicuously.*

"*The Moon Lends a Hand*" *is an admirable article by* Mr. Charles Barnard, *in which instruction is combined with entertainment. In* "*The Building of St. Mary's of the People*," Miss E. M. Traquair *carries us back to the early days of Christian Rome.* Mrs. T. W. Dewing *suggests a dainty bit of fancy-work for girlish fingers in* "*A Swan Design for Flat Pocket Pincushion.*"

The art work in this number includes a drawing on wood by Mr. H. P. Wolcott, *entitled* "*All Aboard*," *and one by* Mr. J. H. Moser, *called* "*Golden-Rod.*" *The stories are illustrated by* Mr. W. A. Rogers *and* Mrs. Jessie Shepherd. *There is a charming full-page engraving from* "*Bread and Butter Days*"; *a painting by* Weedon Gross-Smith, *exhibited last season at the Royal Academy, London; some* "*Jingles*," *artistically illustrated; and an irresistible Comic on the sixteenth page.*

AFTER THE VICTORY IN EGYPT.

THE real trouble of the situation in Egypt began with the famous victory of General Wolseley. That victory was the topic of Christendom the next morning. Europe and America and the British isles of the sea were alike discussing it. "It was a famous victory;"—and then what? It was a stroke of strategy which approves the military genius of the English General. Two steps from Alexandria to Cairo. The canal saved, the national movement overthrown, the Egyptian army scattered, and Arabi Pasha a prisoner or a fugitive. It is a striking dramatic spectacle. The French declare that Wolseley is a grand soldier; the Germans, that it is a splendid victory. Certainly it is a very complete victory;—and then what? Despite the positive and passionate assertions on all sides, the actual facts of the Egyptian situation are very obscure. The English view is represented on one side by Mr. Seymour Keaye and Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, whose wife, Lady Anne, is the granddaughter of Lord Byron, and who has a romantic enthusiasm for Arabians and a new Islam; and on the other, by Sir Edward Malet, the Consul-General, and Sir Auckland Colvin, of the "Control"; and each party states its side with positive assurance.

The friends of Arabi Pasha assert that for several years a national feeling has been arising among educated Egyptians, cherishing a vague anticipation of a new Islam—a Mohammedanism inspired by the modern spirit. The character and force of this feeling it is not easy precisely to estimate. But suddenly, within twenty years, a new element appeared in public affairs in the form of a national debt. This did not exist twenty years ago, but its present amount is nearly $450,000,000, the growth of the wild extravagance of the late Khedive. He borrowed of France and England, and permitted the two governments interested in the Suez Canal to send agents to Egypt to take charge of the finances of the country. He was required to pay the interest punctually, and to accomplish it he oppressed the Egyptians cruelly. The French and English agents—the "Control," as it was called—filled the financial offices with their own countrymen, turning out the natives, and at the beginning of this year there were 1325 European office-holders in Egypt, at a salary of more than $1,500,000. Here was fresh fuel for the flame of national feeling. A people ground by cruelly relentless taxation, and ruled by foreign tax-gatherers, is presumptively ripe for revolt. The active revolt was represented by a group of army officers and the army, which insisted that they represented the people. This has inevitably a very suspicious appearance. The army was increased, and the military budget doubled, and the chief of the disaffected colonels was made Minister of War by the alarmed government. All this is a familiar proceeding. It is but the ordinary course of military usurpation and of the rise of a military adventurer, who may, indeed, be quite as worthy of respect as the government that he threatens, but is not a patriot in the true sense. Mr. Blunt says that the army was the servant of the patriot people. Sir Edward Malet says that it was the master. Sir Edward quotes Sultan Pasha as his authority. Mr. Blunt retorts by quoting the same personage as his authority, and insisting that the Pasha probably told him the truth, and Sir Edward a lie. Sir Edward asserts that Arabi has received no considerable support except from the most ignorant peasants, who had been made to believe that he would give them the soil and cancel their debts, that seven-eighths of the Deputies demanded his resignation and departure from the country, and that the Ulema during the mission of Derwish Pasha vigorously supported the Khedive. Mr. Blunt denies it all.

Arabi's movement has been sometimes represented as a kind of reproduction of the rising of the American colonies against England, and Arabi himself as a kind of Washington, or Hofer, or William Tell, or Arnold von Winkelried, leading a devoted people in the defense of their liberties. But, so far as can yet be seen, the movement was wholly that of the army and of a few pashas, and there is yet no evidence whatever of popular support in the usual sense of those words. In the actual situation of the country it is not possible to see that the success of Arabi would have revealed a self-governing nation, nor that it would have produced more than a change of task-masters. This for the present, however, is an idle speculation. Arabi is defeated. England is at Cairo. What will England do? Whatever she may do, she has no right to support the Sultan and his vassals in spoiling the Egyptians. Great as is the value of the Suez Canal to England, it is not worth saving at any such price. If England is to sustain the Khedive at Cairo, it must be only upon the condition of reforms which her assistance must accomplish. But between the rule of the Turk and that of the Englishman in Egypt, both being foreigners, there can be no hesitation. It is fortunate that the solution of the problem is the task of the ablest and most humane of living statesmen. The private English citizen who aroused the world to the Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria, at which Beaconsfield winked, is not likely, as Prime Minister of England, to abandon Egypt to the Turkish heel.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY WRITES HIS OWN ELEGY.

ONE of the most familiar and characteristic figures of English life has never been reproduced in this country—the English country gentleman. There is a good deal of affectation on this side of the sea of what is called English country life, and a futile and ludicrous imitation of English hunting and English sports. But the English country gentleman, Addison's Sir Roger de Coverley and Fielding's Mr. Allworthy, and the Squires of the October Club and of the old plays, America has never reproduced. In his *Bracebridge Hall* Irving gives us a pleasant idealized reminiscence of the life of the country gentleman, and in the stories of Sir Robert Walpole at Houghton there are glimpses of his actual life. But, whether coarse or fanciful, it is all remote from our experience, and the English country gentleman remains as resolutely inseparable from England as her traditions of Christmas or of Guy Fawkes.

One of the descendants of Sir Roger, named Milnes Gaskell, has recently written a paper to prove that his class, the country gentleman, is disappearing. He was a great blessing, Mr. Gaskell contends, but he is perishing before the evil changes of modern times. Mr. Gaskell, although he writes pointedly and well, and with a distinct literary spirit and sympathy, nevertheless sneers, as it were *ex officio*, at literature and literary men. He extols the "southerly wind and cloudy sky" that "proclaim a hunting morning," and his heart plainly thrills with the far-heard melody of the tally-ho. Riding, hunting, the care of an estate, the supervision of the village, training the tradesman and the small farmer in sound orthodoxy and conservative politics—this is the business worthy of Englishmen, sons of the soil, hearts of oak, promoters and defenders of the roast beef of Old England. Cultivated occupations unfit men for active pursuits. "Short-sightedness and lameness are the elder brothers of literature." But alas, and nevertheless, American competition, and bad harvests, and reductions of rent, and tyrannical game-laws, and perverse politics, which put him out of Parliament, are all in conspiracy against the English country gentleman, and are ruining him as a "centre of civilization."

The *Spectator* good-humoredly picks up the glove and spars with Mr. Gaskell. It declares Shakespeare to have been a hearty poacher and no molly-coddle, and doubts whether steeple-chases and the slaughter of game are the only pursuits worthy of man. It is not at all sure about "the centre of civilization," and asks with a bluntness worthy of the Squire himself whether the neighborhood has been actually improved by the Hall? and whether the laborer does not get worse food and less of it than in the days of Elizabeth. But having rapped Mr. Gaskell's knuckles, the *Spectator* proceeds to say that he is probably mistaken. The loss of income it holds to be temporary, for it is impossible that in a small and rich country land can lose all value as property. The loss of some rights will be compensated by the rise of nobler recreations in which enjoyment will depend upon competition, not upon killing, and the loss of political power can be remedied by his reducing the cost of county elections, when the country gentleman would be a much more acceptable candidate to his neighbors than "the dry-salter." In a word, says the *Spectator*, the country gentleman will not go down if only his common-sense will come up. If he will adapt himself to the time, cultivate business habits, regulate his expenses, and live within his income, his class is sure to survive. Let him work as all other men have to work, and he need not sneer at literature as short-sighted and lame. The little encounter is very amusing, and the tone of the critic in dealing with Sir Roger comically illustrates the instinctive conception of the English country gentleman as a simple-hearted, ignorant, burly, and testy squire.

THE LAST RAILROAD SLAUGHTER.

THE slaughter in the tunnel of the New Haven road was as unnecessary as that at Spuyten Duyvil last January. That was one of the most shocking catastrophes in the annals of railroad travel in the country. It was the result of sheer criminal negligence. But if anybody has been punished, if a similar tragedy may not occur at any moment upon the same road, the fact is not generally known. The disaster at Spuyten Duyvil occurred last January. It is now October. The District Attorney says that the case will be called up next month. It has been laid over at the request of the defense, by reason of the absence of important witnesses.

These events are now so common, and with the rapid increase of railroad travel they will become so much more frequent, that it is to be hoped the Railway Commission will have power to investigate promptly and thoroughly such atrocious results of carelessness as the late collision in the tunnel. There are unavoidable accidents, but this was certainly not one of them. It is never necessary to run trains in such close succession that an advancing train can not be warned in time to prevent a collision. When such a collision occurs, somebody is responsible, and should be held to account. But for all the reckless and needless railway slaughter in the country during the last twenty years, how many of the guilty persons have been punished?

There is no reason to suppose that any more decided action will be taken in the last case than in any of the others. Should indictments be found, important witnesses for the defense would doubtless be wanting at the critical moment, and the case would be adjourned until the incidents were no longer freshly remembered except by the families and friends of the victims and the sufferers; and the public, upon reading a verdict of acquittal or the disagreement of the jury, would vaguely wonder which of the slaughters it referred to.

MUSICAL PROSPECTS FOR THE WINTER.

THE musical promise of the winter is brilliant and encouraging. Campanini and Gerster, the prima donna and the tenor who have been the chief popular favorites of late years, will not be here, indeed, but Patti is coming, and she will perhaps retrieve the effects of the mismanagement of her last year's tour. It is always a mistake on the part of any person who depends upon the public favor to despise the public, and it was ludicrous that the managers of Patti's tour should have supposed that a country in which the finest music is interpreted by the most skillful artists would pay enormously to hear a coquettish prima donna sing a ballad or two. Fortunately, if this was Madame Patti's own delusion, she has been undeceived, and she comes now seriously to vindicate her claim to be one of the chief of living "lyrical artists."

But the most interesting announcement is that Mr. Theodore Thomas has secured *The Redemption*, by Gounod, the performance of which was the chief interest of the late Birmingham Festival, and more interesting still that he has also the MS. of the *Parsifal* music, the opera of Wagner's which was produced this summer at Baireuth. It is stated that selections from this music will be produced at the concerts of the Philharmonic and Chorus and Symphony societies, so that the Wagner revival, which dates from the great Thursday afternoon at the Thomas Festival of last May, is not likely to decline. There is probably no living musical director—perhaps not even Wagner himself—who is so competent a conductor of the Wagner music as Theodore Thomas, and certainly the marvellous "Wagner afternoon" at the Festival will survive among the most brilliant of musical traditions in the city. There was some expectation during the spring, and when Materna had profoundly impressed the Festival audience, that a German opera might be undertaken during this winter to bring forward the Wagner opera especially, and with the best singers of his music in Europe. But fitting and adequate preparations for such an opera would be a very costly and onerous undertaking, and it is very doubtful if the experiment will be tried.

The musical progress of the country is so decisive that Mr. Thomas says that there is no city in the world which furnishes more or better material for a great orchestra than New York, and certainly the Festivals have confirmed his opinion. That progress may be measured also by a comparison of the present musical condition of the city with that so pleasantly described in Mr. Richard Grant White's reminiscences of opera in New York. It was only of the last generation, of thirty years ago, that he treats, but by contrast with to-day his story is that of a quaint and charming provincial community. In one thing, however, New York is still provincial, and that is in the want of a proper music hall. Steinway and Chickering halls are in many ways agreeable and convenient, but neither of them is adequate for the needs of a city like New York. A permanent hall in which great festivals could be given, and in a building amply equipped for all musical purposes, is the hall that New York requires.

A BOLD PLAN.

The New York *Herald* has recently published an extraordinary warning. It informs the public that Mr. Jay Gould is endeavoring to obtain control of the Associated Press, in order that the collection, transmission, and publication of the news may be in his hands. Three of the seven papers which compose the Associated Press, the *Herald* says, are already mastered by Mr. Gould, and it supposes from the action of another that he would soon obtain complete control.

The Associated Press is a union of seven of the large New York dailies for the purpose of collecting and distributing news. It employs a large force of agents and reporters, and it sells the news which it gathers to other papers in the city and elsewhere. The news is transmitted by the Western Union Telegraph, which is controlled by Mr. Gould. The consequences of such a monopoly in the hands of a great stock operator, a monopoly which would enable him to color all the news, are evident. But fortunately the success of the scheme would depend upon absolute secrecy, and that is practically impossible until all the newspapers of the association should fall under the domination of the schemer. If one remained independent, it would reveal the plot, and the moment that the fact of the monopoly was known, the plot would be baffled, and the news would cease to have any value, because the reports would not be credited.

The *Herald* announces that should Mr. Gould obtain possession of four papers of the seven, it will publish all the news received through the usual agency as Jay Gould's telegrams. This would draw the sting at once. Nobody would believe reports so labelled until they were confirmed.

The suggestion of such control of the news is not now made for the first time. It has been long understood that Mr. Gould has desired to influence more papers. But the results of the plan which the *Herald* reveals in regard to the telegraphic news are evident in the case of any paper which is supposed to be controlled by a particular interest of any kind. It destroys the real weight and influence of the paper. Thus a mere party organ which blows hot and cold as the party tribunal commands is like any other yoked and manacled slave, or it is a mere Toots, and of no consequence whatever. The enterprise of Mr. Gould as detailed by the *Herald* recalls Tweed's efforts to control the press. They were very ingenious, and they would have been most disastrous had they succeeded. But the press itself defeated them, and overthrew their author. Fortunately for the public, the press has always the power to turn on the light which destroys plots and plotters by revealing them.

A SOMEWHAT HAPPY THOUGHT.

The settlement in the extreme Southwest of our common country of what in the extreme Southeast thereof is called a "difficulty" bears several large and attractive morals. The difficulty arose in regard to the ownership of cattle. The herds of Messrs. Howard and Keeley, after being driven pleasantly in unity for some hundreds of miles, came to the parting of the ways, whence one herd was to go northward and the other eastward, and here it was discovered that the herdsmen had mixed those cattle up. Mr. Howard is charged with a selfish unwillingness to deliver Mr. Keeley's cattle, while insisting upon the surrender of his own, and an amicable adjustment was arrived at, by which six herdsmen on each side were to shoot at each other until the party which had the fewer survivors should yield its employer's case. The ordeal of battle was unfavorable to Mr. Howard, three of whose champions bit the dust at the first fire, while only one of Mr. Keeley's men succumbed. Mr. Keeley thereupon in the very handsomest manner offered to allay Mr. Howard's dissatisfaction, if he felt any, and Mr. Howard, with equal chivalry, submitted to the result of the arbitrament he had invoked, and the cattle were separated in conformity with the views originally maintained by Mr. Keeley.

No doubt most of our readers are already familiar with this tragical story, and we only refer to it for the sake of the moral. The old complaint of the girl in the song, that "those who make the quarrel" are not "the only ones to fight," lies against this method of settling disputes, but we may still commend it to political bosses as being upon the whole more honorable, and certainly more exciting, than—for instance—forgery. In the Colorado case there must be some regret that valuable cow-boys had to be sacrificed, but it is possible to imagine a case in which no such regret would be possible. Suppose, for example, that the local bosses of the Democracy in New York should adopt this method of settling the contention now going on as to the number of their several herds of voters who have not been "rounded up" since last election, and of whom each of three bosses claims about fifty thousand head, the three claims footing up some twenty-five or thirty thousand more head of voters than there are. Suppose that the bosses were to betake themselves, with a hundred picked henchmen on each side, to some place where they would not be in danger of injuring any innocent and respectable persons—say to Long Island City—and there submit their claims to the stern arbitrament of the self-cocking revolver. Whatever the result might be, how conducive would the process itself of adjudication necessarily be to the cause of official purity and public order! With what unalloyed satisfaction would the public read the names of the champions in the papers of next morning, with brief and appropriate obituary notices! Only suppose that in the chronicle of the fallen brave we should come upon the names of— Cease, Hope, cease this flattering tale.

LONG ISLAND CITY.

Long Island City has completely recovered from the spasm of virtue and decency which some time since attacked its officials, and for a time prevented the public sale of pools on sporting events. The pool-rooms are all open again, and what is humorously, or at least not numerously, known as "the respectable element" in the population of the city is indignant, though a little uncertain as to the person upon whom its indignation ought to be visited. The sheriff of the county, whose repeated threats that he would close the rooms if they were re-opened had no effect upon the obdurate bosoms of the pool-sellers, was not to be found in Long Island City on the day on which the rooms were defiantly opened. The captain of police explained that he would not close the rooms because he had once closed them, and the newspapers gave the credit of that achievement to the sheriff. Upon the whole, there seems to be no permanent cure for the evils of Long Island City, except the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah, which is cordially invited by the moral condition of the place, and also by the abundance of petroleum at the wharves, which might serve the same exemplary purpose as the large deposits of asphalt near the cities of the plain. The alleged "respectable element" had better gird up its loins after the manner of the Lot family, which was the "respectable element" in the population of Sodom. If the wife or mother of the respectable element has any moral or picturesque sensibilities, she will not be apt to cast longing looks behind from the ferry-boat which bears her from this unsavory suburb.

COMMERCE AND THE NEW YORK PILOTS.

The Chamber of Commerce has undertaken to investigate the relation of the commerce of this port to what are alleged to be the excessive port charges of various kinds, and has naturally begun with the examination of the business of pilotage. It is notorious that the present charges for pilotage are excessive. They are excessive because they are fixed, not by competition, but by law, and this law virtually makes of the pilots a close corporation, restricted to the present pilots and such apprentices as they may choose to instruct and take into their own order. Even if an outsider were to pass an examination and procure a pilot's license, the license would do him no good. He must have a pilot-boat, and he must buy a share in a boat already engaged in the business, for the association of pilots has resolved that no new boats shall be admitted as pilot-boats, except in substitution of those already engaged.

The association is thus a monopoly of the most oppressive kind. Like all monopolies, it resists every tendency to progress and improvement. Some enterprising pilots who bought and fitted a steamboat for the business, which is now done entirely by sailing vessels, fell under the ban of the association. The steamer could do the work of two or three pilot-boats in all weather, and the pilots foresaw that the introduction of steam in the service would render their schooners useless. Accordingly they prosecuted the enterprising pilots before the Commissioner, and succeeded in revoking their licenses—a proceeding which was afterward sustained by the courts as being in conformity with the law under which the pilots were organized.

It needs no argument to show that such a law is outrageously unjust. It is kept upon the statute-books by the visit to Albany every year, when its repeal is agitated, of agents of the pilots, to whom every pilot pays ten per cent. of his earnings, and seems to find the investment profitable, although the assessment is never accounted for. In investigating the matter of pilotage, therefore, the Chamber of Commerce is prosecuting an unquestionable abuse, which is also one of the chief burdens upon the commerce of this port.

THE COMING OF MRS. LANGTRY.

The town will return to town in time to greet Mrs. Langtry. That lady, who is especially known to this country in reports from England as a fair lady, has just appeared as Rosalind, in *As You Like It*, and with the same kind of success that has thus far attended her theatrical career. She evidently has talent, and as evidently we should suppose not decided genius, for the stage. There have been notably pretty women who have ventured to trust to their beauty as their sole outfit for the stage, but smiled they never so sweetly and archly, they have failed. Perhaps, also, that singular power, "society," may resent the appeal to the general public of a favorite of its own. It may frown upon the goddess of the drawing-room when she chooses to court another and more general worship. Indeed, among the mysteries of "society," exclusiveness is held to be chief. But how can the goddess of the drawing-room be exclusive if she may be seen for money? The photographs of Mrs. Langtry certainly have another character than those of the ordinary professional beauty. She is probably a very clever as well as an exceedingly pretty woman, and her cleverness is the gift of adaptation to the situation.

The accounts of her acting describe a pleasing and sympathetic and effective performance, but not a great performance. It is not a Rachel or a Fanny Kemble that we are to expect. Perhaps it is acting hardly even in the second rank, like that of Ellen Tree, whose Rosalind was a very beautiful and classical performance, and peculiarly fitted to her cool and statuesque style. Indeed, her impression was that of a woman capable of retiring clad as a page to a sylvan solitude, "queen and huntress, chaste and fair." Ion was her characteristic part, and old New York greatly admired that highly colored Greek figure. But better than Ellen Tree's charming acting of Rosalind was Fanny Kemble's reading. There was undoubtedly, as a recent correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* remarks, something a little grotesque in the spectacle of a very large lady in a very ample satin dress, who courtesied elaborately to the audience, and then with equal elaboration seated herself, and adjusted herself, and then began to read. But when she began, ample dress and elaborate manner vanished. We were made free of Shakspeare's world. We roamed the fairy wood of Arden. Our eyes were touched with "the light that never was on sea or land," and going homeward, the still enchanted listener murmured with Longfellow, after hearing her:

> "Ō precious evening! all too swiftly sped."

That is very much more than can be expected of Mrs. Langtry, and with very much less the good-natured town will be satisfied. From all the accounts, a certain robust and healthy heartiness in her will be a very pleasant contrast with the shadowy unreality and morbid intensity of Sara Bernhardt. Her coming is one of the most interesting events in "the world of amusement," and her début will be awaited with great interest and curiosity.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Mary F. Henderson, of St. Louis, offered in April last a prize to the pupils of Kirkwood Seminary for the best essay on "Common-Sense about Women." The essays were sent in without names, and Mrs. Henderson was the judge. The girl who won the prize proved to be a Cherokee Indian, who has since graduated and gone home to the Territory to live.

—Hon. G. H. Corliss, of Providence, Rhode Island, has given $1200 for the purchase of Professor Ward's college series of casts of extinct specimens in natural history, for the new museum of Iowa College, and Professor Ward has so added to the gift that the entire collection has been secured.

—Oliver Ames, the Republican candidate for Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, has been in the service of the Ames Shovel-Works at North Easton since he was fifteen years old, and has been the superintendent. His father, Oakes Ames, is said to have died with an indebtedness of $8,000,000. In the time of the panic the son so managed the assets that he paid dollar for dollar, a million of dollars in legacies, and had a surplus for the residuary legatees.

—The funeral of Dr. Pusey, at Oxford, on the 21st of September, was remarkable in the character and number of the distinguished men who assembled to pay the final tribute to his memory. The Prime Minister of England, Mr. Gladstone, was one of the pall-bearers; Cardinal Newman walked beside the coffin; Dean Liddell, assisted by Canon Liddon, St. P. Paul's, London (one of England's greatest preachers), read the service; and the Bishop of Oxford pronounced the benediction. The flags of the city were at half-mast.

—Governor Plaisted, of Maine, in view, doubtless, of the high average of turpitude that prevails in the politics of that State, has determined to leave it at the expiration of his term of office, and "move his family West."

—Mr. Bishop, the Republican candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, is forty-eight years old, has served in both Houses of the Massachusetts Legislature, and has been President of the Senate.

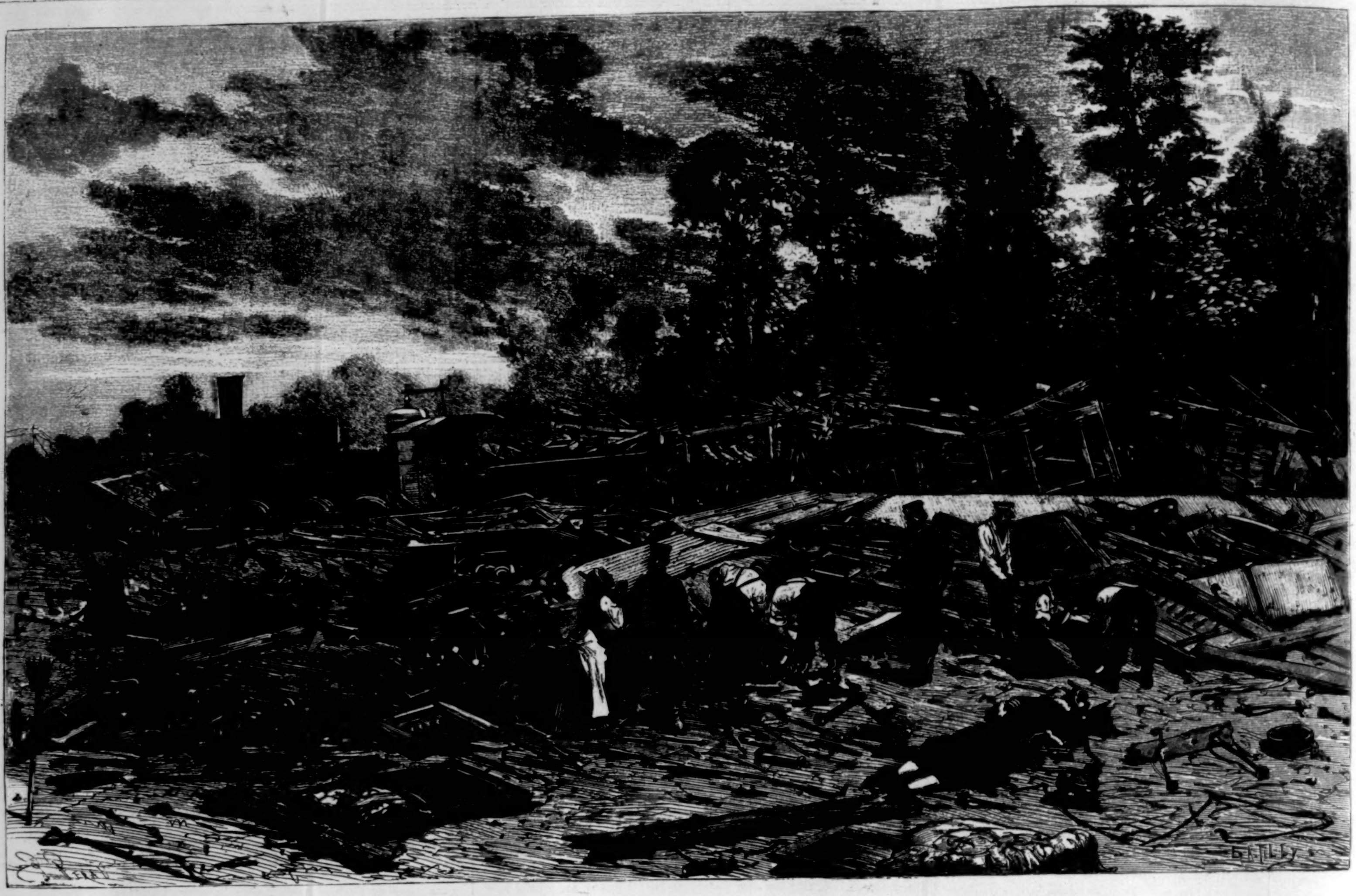
—Frederick Marquand, formerly a prominent jeweller of this city, who died recently at Southport, Connecticut, left about $50,000 to various charitable societies, connected chiefly with the Presbyterian Church. The rest of his estate (he left no children) he gives to Mary Virginia Marquand Tompkins Monroe (the wife of E. B. Monroe), Henry G. Marquand, Alanson Trask, and Daniel W. McWilliams, "the survivors or survivor of them, as joint tenants absolutely, without any restriction, hereby recommending and requesting, but not enjoining them, to use and distribute said residuary portion in the cause of education and the spread of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and in encouraging and aiding any good work either in our own country or in foreign lands."

—Mrs. Huldah Robertson, who died a few days since in Bethel, Vermont, at the age of one hundred and three, was the oldest person in that State, and the last survivor of a family of eleven children. The daughters of the family were remarkable for longevity, six of them living to be over ninety years of age, and two of them over one hundred.

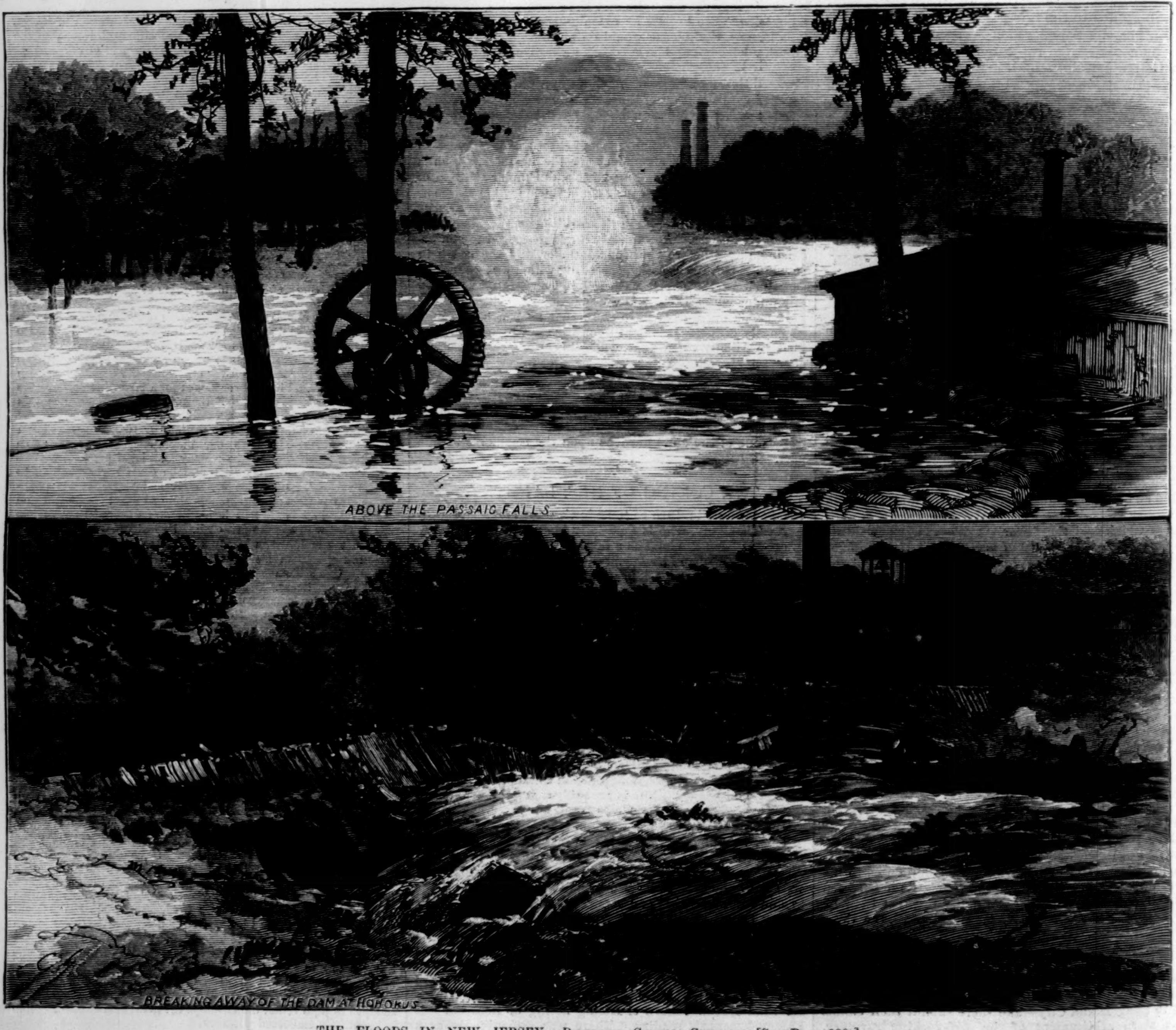
—Mr. Moses Williams, one of Boston's oldest and most successful merchants, died a few days since, leaving a large fortune. He was a very sagacious man on the subject of investments. To his heirs his advice in his will is to "keep the same property I leave them rather than exchange it for other property that may promise a larger income. I have never looked for a large income, but have sought the greatest security of the principal. Governed by this rule, I have met with few losses, and to this I owe my large estate."

—Mr. Frothingham's book on the late Dr. George Ripley is an interesting contribution to our biographical literature. The *Tribune*, in reviewing it, gives many additional personal characteristics of the man. On all topics he could say something to be remembered. His voice was clear and pleasant; his enunciation was perfect; his sentences were as exact and fluent and transparent in idle chat as in his literary work, and not seldom they flashed with epigrammatic wit. He had a racy humor, a keen sense of the ludicrous, a hearty and contagious laugh. Mr. Frothingham speaks of his "constitutional hilarity." It is an apt phrase. One seldom sees a wise and serious man so readily provoked to merriment. Those were bright days indeed when two such genial friends as George Ripley and Bayard Taylor sat at work in the same room, with the intent faces of younger journalists around them. To the last he was happy, ardent, and energetic. He used at times to wax wroth—on becoming occasions—and then the idiomatic vigor of his speech left nothing to be misunderstood. In truth, he was a laughing philosopher, and the laughter sprang from a sunny temper, an enthusiastic disposition, and a warm heart. Carlyle, alluding long ago to Mr. Ripley's Brook Farm experience, said he was "a Socinian minister, who left his pulpit in order to reform the world by cultivating onions."

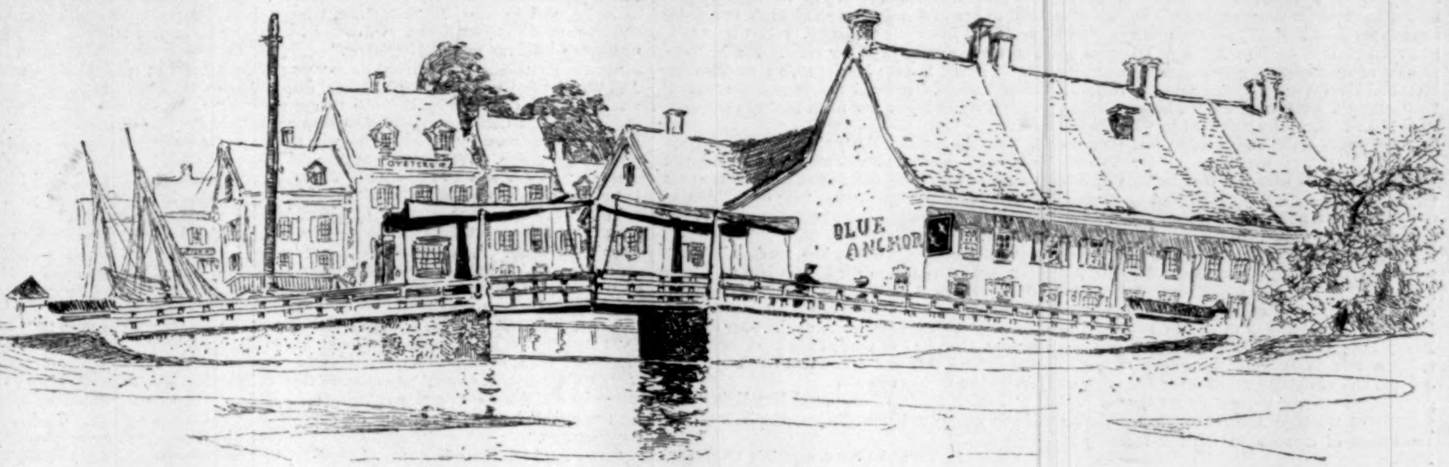
—Through the United States Consul-General at Hong-Kong, China, Mr. Frank Vincent, Jun., the traveller and author, has just received an autograph letter from H. M. Norodom I., King of Cambodia, bestowing upon him the decoration of the Royal Order of Cambodia, in token of his appreciation of Mr. Vincent's well-known book, *The Land of the White Elephant*, the third enlarged edition of which has just been issued by the Harpers. "We have had its contents read to Us," says his Cambodian Majesty, "and found your voyages and description of the different countries through which you travelled very interesting. Your description of Our Kingdom and of our manners and customs is quite exact. We thank you for your kind consideration." His Majesty informs Mr. Vincent he has heard that "the King of Siam has also approved of your book, and has conferred upon you the Order of the White Elephant in token of his satisfaction" The letter, which is written in English, concludes with a cordial invitation for the traveller to return to Cambodia: "We shall be very happy to see you once more, and will do all in Our Power to aid and facilitate your voyages in Our Kingdom." The paper bears the royal arms stamped in high relief, the envelope the great seal of the kingdom in beautifully embossed gilt-work.



THE RAILROAD ACCIDENT NEAR FREIBURG, GERMANY.—[SEE PAGE 638.]


ABOVE THE PASSAIC FALLS
BREAKING AWAY OF THE DAM AT HOHOKUS

THE FLOODS IN NEW JERSEY.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 630.]

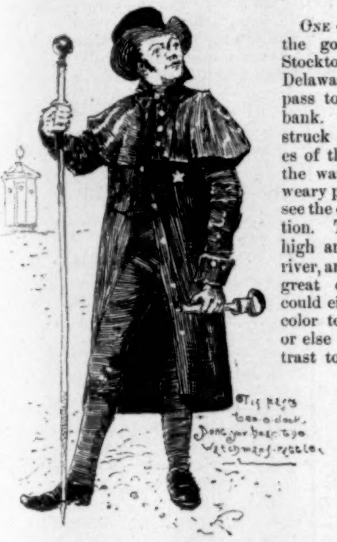


THE BLUE ANCHOR TAVERN.

THE CITY OF WILLIAM PENN.

IN FOUR PARTS.

I.

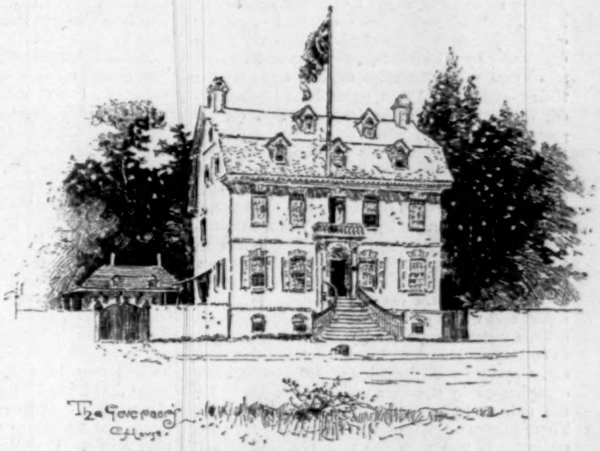

'Tis past ten o'clock, Don't you hear the Watchman's rattle

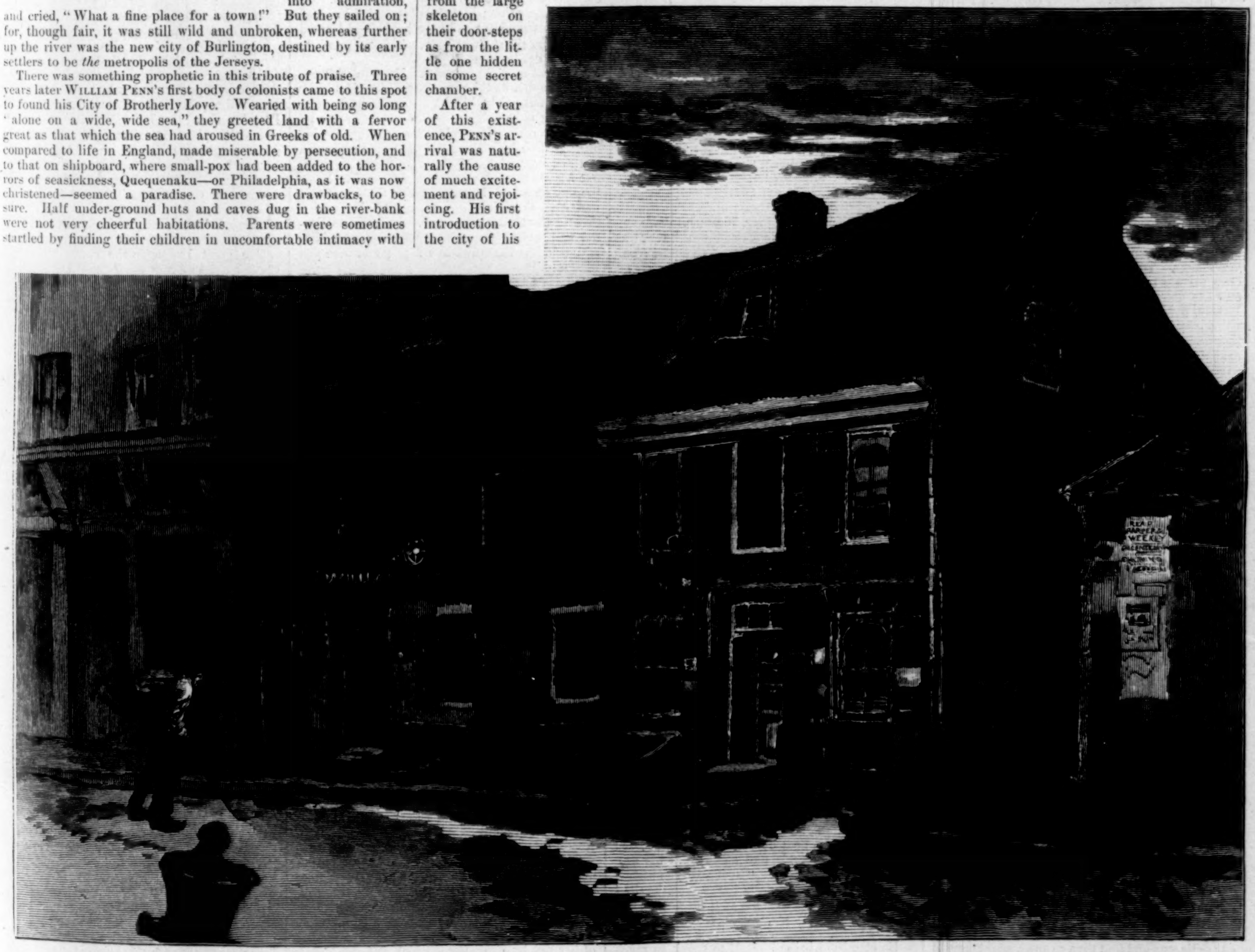
YE WATCHMAN.

One day in the year 1678 the good ship *Shield*, of Stockton, sailing up the Delaware River, chanced to pass too near the western bank. Its sails and spars struck against the branches of the trees growing by the water's edge, and the weary passengers looked to see the cause of the obstruction. The land here rose high and abrupt from the river, and was crowned with great dark pines, which could either give a touch of color to winter's grayness, or else serve as a rich contrast to the lighter greens and reds and yellows of summer and autumn. Because of these trees, the Indians called the place Quequenaku, or the Grove of Tall Pines. Marking its beauty, the new-comers changed their impatience into admiration, and cried, "What a fine place for a town!" But they sailed on; for, though fair, it was still wild and unbroken, whereas further up the river was the new city of Burlington, destined by its early settlers to be *the* metropolis of the Jerseys.

There was something prophetic in this tribute of praise. Three years later **William Penn**'s first body of colonists came to this spot to found his City of Brotherly Love. Wearied with being so long "alone on a wide, wide sea," they greeted land with a fervor great as that which the sea had aroused in Greeks of old. When compared to life in England, made miserable by persecution, and to that on shipboard, where small-pox had been added to the horrors of seasickness, Quequenaku—or Philadelphia, as it was now christened—seemed a paradise. There were drawbacks, to be sure. Half under-ground huts and caves dug in the river-bank were not very cheerful habitations. Parents were sometimes startled by finding their children in uncomfortable intimacy with beasts and reptiles. "Now thee sha'n't again. Keep to thy part," was little Rebecca Coleman's only reproof to the snake which, sharing her mid-day meal, devoured more than she thought was its proper portion. But the emigrants were at least free, and on terra firma, and before them lay a great unknown future in which they could build their châteaux en Espagne. Roast geese did not run about with gravy-boats in their bills, as in the paradise imagined by **Heine**, but wild-pigeons, tame from very wildness, flew in great flocks close to the ground, as if asking to be killed. Fish swarmed in the small streams, so that men might catch them without the trouble of throwing a line. While the Indians and the Swedes, who had some time previously settled in the neighborhood, were there apparently for no other purpose than to attend to the wants of the strangers. Notwithstanding this great plenty, there was occasionally an empty larder and a despairing household. If women in those days did not go forth to fight, like **Joan** of Arc and the Maid of Saragossa, they were not a whit less brave. One day when "worthy" **Elizabeth Hand** was helping her husband as he built a house for himself, he bade her go home. "Thou, my dear, had better think of dinner," he said to her. She, poor woman, went her way sorrowing; for, like the prophets in the desert, she did not know whence her meal was to come. Then, ashamed of her weakness, she prostrated herself on the floor of the cabin in prayer. And, lo! when she arose, before her stood her cat with a fine rabbit in its mouth, thus supplying her wants even as the ravens, or Arabs, had provided for **Elias**. Though this simple life had its trials, it was probably happier than that which came later, when increased comforts and extended interests called forth rivalries and dissensions. Men never suffer so much from the large skeleton on their door-steps as from the little one hidden in some secret chamber.

After a year of this existence, **Penn**'s arrival was naturally the cause of much excitement and rejoicing. His first introduction to the city of his creation must have cheered him. It was late in October when he and a few friends came up the river in an open boat from Chester. The air was cool, with all the delicious freshness of fall, and the sky "blue, like an Italian sky," as he afterward wrote. The colonists were assembled on the shore. Many of the Indians, anxious to see the man who had called himself their loving friend, were grouped together, while others waited silently in their canoes on


The Governor's House.



THE HOUSE IN LETITIA STREET.

THE BICENTENARY OF PHILADELPHIA.—Illustrated by Joseph Pennell.

the water. In the background was the primeval forest, from which the autumn gold and scarlet had not yet faded. But by the shore a large space had been well cleared, and a row of buildings in process of construction gave assurance to Penn that his ideas were beginning to be realized. These houses were very simple, being nothing more than frames of wood filled in with bricks. The one nearest the river's edge, and then almost finished, was the Blue Anchor Tavern, which now ranks with the famous inns of history. Its first host, Stephen Guest, stood with the crowd that welcomed William Penn. The tavern in after-years had its distinguished visitors; many ships far finer than the little barge from Chester anchored in front of it by the river-bank, and it was the centre of business and of travel. But even as mine host of the Boar's Head loved best to talk of Falstaff and Prince Hal; as the landlord of the Mermaid had many a tale to tell of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, and of merry actors during the reign of good Queen Bess, so did the honest Quaker proprietors of the Blue Anchor delight in relating the events of that bright October morning in 1682.

Perhaps the most striking of these was the meeting with the Indians. They, because the first Quaker settlers had treated them kindly, were prepared to like Penn, and so met him in friendly fashion. He, to conciliate them still further, and to prove that he came to them on a footing of equality, ate their roasted acorns and hominy. Whereupon these children of nature expressed their feelings of pleasure in their own dumb way by a wild dance, twirling and leaping much as a pack of hounds might do in greeting their master. And then, so tradition has recorded, William Penn arose from his seat on the ground and danced with them. Nay, more, by the grace and agility of his twirls and leaps outdid them, undoubtedly adding thereby to the impression he had already made. It is true that history does not vouch for this. But what would history be without its legends? The next interview was more stately and solemn, but, in its own way, quite as picturesque. The Indians sat in a semicircle under the wide-spreading branches of a large elm-tree, the chief in the centre, and the oldest and wisest of the tribe on either side. At a little distance were the "younger fry," ranged in corresponding order, like shadows of their elders. Opposite stood the pale-faced strangers, Penn conspicuous by the blue sash around his waist, the only insignia of his high official capacity. There was no dancing on this occasion. All were serious. It was then the new Governor made that bloodless treaty which Voltaire says was the only one between Indians and Christians that was not ratified with an oath, and yet the only one that was never broken.

Penn at first was busy travelling through his own province, and visiting other colonies. There were plans to be inspected, laws to be made, boundary lines to be settled, and he was not a man to let others do his work for him. When he was in Philadelphia he lived in a small house which still stands in Letitia Street, and which is alive with associations of the olden time. It is plain and unpretending, but two stories high, with sloping roof, dormer-window, and gable ends. However, there was a large garden or orchard around it, and from its windows the blue river could be seen. In a settlement in which many people lived in caves, it must have seemed palatial. Even after Penn left, in 1685, it continued to be the head-quarters of the Governors, and within its walls all the affairs of the province were attended to until the Court-house, or "Great Towne-house," was erected some ten or twelve years later. The cottage on Letitia Street has been private residence, eating-house, music hall, and has gone through many changes of fortune. Finally, a few years since, with new paper and paint and careful obliteration of whatever made it interesting, it started life afresh as a tavern, even as a worn-out tragedian might, with new wig and many layers of rouge and powder, re-appear as low comedian. Elizabeth Robins.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1327.]

KEPT IN THE DARK.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "Orley Farm," "The Warden," "Is He Popenjoy?" "Marion Fay," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCLUSION.

Though the news of Miss Altifiorla's broken engagement did reach Mrs. Western at St. David's, she was in a state of mind which prevented her almost from recognizing the fact. It was the very day on which her husband was to come to her. And her joy was so extreme as almost to have become painful. "Mamma," she said, "I shall not know what to say to him."

"Just let him come, and receive him quietly."

"Receive him quietly! How can I be quiet when he will have come back to me? I think you do not realize the condition I have been in during the last three months."

"Yes, my dear, I do. You have been deserted, and it has been very bad."

But Mrs. Western did not approve of the word used, as it carried a strong reproach against her husband. She was anxious now to take upon herself the whole weight of the fault which had produced their separation, and to hold him to have been altogether sinless. And as yet she was not quite sure that he would again take her to his home. All she knew was that he would be that day in Exeter, and that then so much might depend on her own conduct. Of this she was quite sure —that were he to reject her she must die. In her present condition, and with the memory present to her of the dreams she had dreamed, she would not live alone at Exeter, divided from him, and there give birth to her child. But he must surely intend to take her into his arms when he should arrive. It could not be possible that he should again reject her when he had once seen her.

Then she became fidgety about her personal appearance—a female frailty which had never much prevailed with her—and was anxious even about her ribbons and her dress. "He does think so much about a woman being neat," she said to her mother.

"I never perceived it in him, my dear."

"Because you have not known him as I have done. He does not say much, but no one's eye is so accurate, and so severe." All this arose from a certain passage which dwelt in her remembrance, when he had praised the fit of her gown, and had told her with a kiss that no woman ever dressed so well as she did.

"I think, my dear," continued Mrs. Holt, "that if you wear your black silk just simply, it will do very well."

Simply! Yes; she must certainly be simple. But it is so hard to be simple in such a way as to please a man's eye. And yet, even when the time came near, she did not dare to remain long in her bedroom lest her own maid should know the source of her anxiety. At one time she had declared that she would go down to the station to meet him, but that idea had been soon abandoned. The first kiss she would give him should not be seen by strangers.

But if she were perplexed as to how she would bear herself on the coming occasion, he was much more so. It may be said of him that through his whole journey home from Dresden he was disturbed, unhappy, and silent; and that when his sister left him in London, and he had nothing immediately before him but the journey down to Exeter, he was almost overwhelmed by the difficulties of the situation. His case as a man was so much worse than hers as a woman. The speaking must all be done by him, and what was there that he could say? There was still present to him a keen sense of the wrong that he had endured, though he owned to himself that the punishment which at the spur of the moment he had resolved upon inflicting was too severe—both upon her and upon himself. And though he felt that he had been injured, he did gradually acknowledge that he had believed something worse than the truth. How to read the riddle he did not know, but there was a riddle which he had not read aright. If Cecilia should still be silent, he must still be left in the dark. But he did understand that he was to expect no confession of a fault, and that he was to exact no show of repentance.

When the train arrived at Exeter he determined to be driven at once to the hotel. It made him unhappy to think that every one around him should be aware that he was occupying rooms at an inn while his wife was living in the town; but he did not dare to take his portmanteau to Mrs. Holt's house and hang up his hat in her hall as though nothing had been the matter. "Put it into a cab," he said to a porter as the door was opened, "and bid him drive to the Clarence."

But a man whose face he remembered had laid his hands upon his valise before it was well out of the railway carriage. "Please, sir," said the man, "you are to go up to the house, and I'm to carry your things. I am Sam Barnet, the gardener."

"Very well, Sam," said Mr. Western. "Go on, and I'll follow you." Now, as he well knew, the house at St. David's was less than half a mile from the railway station.

He felt that his misery would be over in ten minutes, and yet for ten minutes how miserable a man he was! While she was trembling with joy—a joy that was only dashed by a vague fear of his possible sternness—he was blaming his fate as it shortened by every step the distance between him and his wife. At last he had entered the path of the little garden, and the door of the house was open before him. He ventured to look, but did not see her. He was in the hall, but yet he did not see her. "Cecilia is in the breakfast parlor," said the voice of Mrs. Holt, whom in his confusion he did not notice. The breakfast parlor was in the back part of the house, looking out into the garden, and thither he went. The door was just ajar, and he passed in. In a second the whole trouble was over. She was in his arms at once, kissing his face, stroking his hair, leaning on his bosom, holding his arm round her own waist as though to make sure that he should not leave her, crying and laughing at the same moment. "Oh, George, my own George! It has all been my doing; but you will forgive me! Say that one word that I am 'forgiven.'" Then there came another storm of kisses, which frustrated the possibility of his speaking to her.

What a wife she was to possess! How graceful, how gracious, how precious were her charms! —charms in which no other woman surely ever approached her. How warm and yet how cool was the touch of her lips! how absolutely symmetrical was the sweet curve of her bust! what a fragrance came from her breath! And the light of her eyes, made more bright by her tears, shone into his with a heavenly brightness. Her soft hair as he touched it filled him with joy. And once more she was all his own. Let the secret be what it might, he was quite sure that she was his own. As he bent down over her she pressed her cheek against his, and again drew his arm tighter round her waist. "George, if you wished to know how I love you, you have taken the right step. I have been sick for you, but now I shall be sick no longer. Oh, George, it was my fault; but say you have forgiven me."

He could not bring himself to speak so much of an accusation as would be contained in that word "forgive." How was he to pardon one whose present treatment to him was so perfect, so loving, and so lovely? "Sit down, George, and let me tell you how it was. Of course I was wrong, but I did not mean to be wrong."

"No, no," he said. "There shall be no wrong." And yet why had not his sister told him that it would be like this? Why had she so stoutly maintained that Cecilia would confess nothing? Here she was acknowledging everything with most profuse confession. What could any man desire more? "Do not speak of it—at any rate now. Let me be happy as I have got you."

Then there was another storm of kisses, but she was not to be put off from her purpose. "You must know it all. Sit down—there, like that." And she seated herself, leaning back upon him on the sofa. "Before we had been abroad I had been engaged to that man."

"Yes; I understand that."

"I had been engaged to him—without knowing him. Then, when I found that he was not what I thought him, I made up my mind that it would be better to throw him over than make us both miserable for life."

"Certainly."

"And I did so. I made a struggle, and did it. From that time to this I have had nothing to say to him, nor he to me. You may say that I treated him badly."

"I don't say so. I at any rate do not say so."

"My own, own man! Then we went abroad, and, as good fortune would have it, you came in our way. It was not long before you made me love you. That was not my fault, George. I loved you so dearly when you were telling me that story about the other girl; but, somehow, I could not tell you then a similar story about myself. It seemed at first so odd that my story should be the same, and then it looked almost as though I were mocking you. Had you had no story to tell, you would have known all my own before I had allowed myself to be made happy by your love. Do you not perceive that it was so?"

"Yes," he said, slowly, "I can understand what you mean."

"But it was a mistake; for from day to day the difficulty grew upon me, and when once there was a difficulty, I was not strong enough to overcome it. There never came the moment in which I was willing to mar my own happiness by telling you that which I thought would wound yours. I had not dreamed beforehand how much more difficult it would become when I should once be absolutely your wife. Then your sister came, and she told me. She is better than anybody in the world except yourself."

"All women are better than I am," he said. "It is their nature to be so."

Some half-ludicrous idea of Miss Altifiorla and her present difficulties came across her mind as she contradicted his assertion with another shower of kisses. "She told me," continued Cecilia, "that I was bound to let you know all the truth. Of course I knew that; of course I intended it. But that odious woman was in the house, and I could not tell you till she was gone. Then he came."

"Why did he come?"

"He had no right to come. No man with the smallest spirit would have shown himself at your door. I have thought about it again and again, and I can only imagine that it has been his intention to revenge himself. But what matter his intentions so long as they do not come between you and me? I want you to know all the truth, but not to imagine more than the truth. Since the day on which I had told him that he and I must part there has been no communication between us but what you know. He came to Durton and made his way into the house, and Miss Altifiorla was there and saw it all; and then you were told."

"He is a mean brute."

"But I am not a brute. Am I a brute? Say that I am nice once more. You know everything now—everything, everything. I do own that I have been wrong to conceal it. My very soul should be laid bare to you."

"Cecilia, I will never be hard to you again."

"I do not say that you have been hard. I do not accuse you. I know that I have been wrong, and I am quite content that we should again be friends. Oh, George, just at this moment I think it is sweeter than if you had never sent me away."

And so the reconciliation was made, and Mr. Western and Cecilia were once more together. But no doubt, to her mind, as she thought of it all, there was present the happy conviction that she had been more sinned against than sinning. She had forgiven, whereas she might have exacted forgiveness. She had been gracious, whereas she might have followed her mother's advice and have been repellent till she had brought him to her feet. As it was, her strong desire to have him once again had softened her, and now she had the double reward. She had what she wanted, and was able to congratulate herself at the same time on her virtue. But he, though he had, too, what he wanted, became gradually aware that he had been cruel, stiff-necked, and obdurate. She was everything that he desired, but he was hardly happy because he was conscious that he had been unjust. And he was a man that loved justice even against himself, and could not be quite happy till he had made restitution.

He staid a week with her at Exeter, during which time he so far recovered himself as to be able to dine at the Deanery, and return Dr. Pigrum's call. Then he was to start for his own house in Berkshire, having asked Mrs. Holt to come to them a fortnight before Christmas. He would have called on Miss Altifiorla had he not understood that Miss Altifiorla in her present state of mind received no visitors. She gave it out that since men had been men and women had been women no woman had been so basely injured as herself. But she intended to redress the wrongs of her sex by a great movement, and was devoting herself at present to hard study with that object. She used to be seen daily walking two miles and back on the Crediton Road, it being necessary to preserve her health for the sake of the great work she had in hand. But it was understood that no one was to speak to her on these occasions, and at other times it was well known that she was engaged upon the labors of her task.

"And to-morrow we will go back to Durton," said Mr. Western to his wife.

"Dear Durton, how happy I shall be to see it once again!"

"And how happy I shall be to take you again to see it! But before we go it is necessary that I should say one thing."

This he spoke in so stern a voice that he almost frightened her. Was it possible that after all he should find it necessary to refer again to the little fault which she had so cordially avowed?

"What is it, George?"

"I have made a mistake."

"No, George, no; don't say so. There has been no mistake. A man should own nothing. I have thought about it, and am sure of it."

"Let a man commit no fault, and then what you say will be true. I made a mistake, and allowed myself to be so governed by it as to commit a great injustice. I am aware of it, and I trust I may never repeat it. Such a mistake as that I think that I shall never commit again. But I did it, and I ask you to forgive me." In answer to this she could only embrace him and hang upon him, and implore him in silence to spare her. "So it has been, and I ask your pardon."

"No, George, no; no."

"Will you not pardon me when I ask you?"

"I can not bring myself to say such a word. You know that it is all right between us. I can not speak the word which you shall never be made to hear. I am the happiest woman now in all England, and you must not force me to say that which shall in any way lessen my glory."

THE END.

AN EQUINOCTIAL STORM IN NEW JERSEY.

In the vicinity of New York, and for one hundred miles inland, the equinoctial storm of the fall of 1882 will long be recorded by high-water marks, and even after these have disappeared, will furnish tales to be told by winter firesides by the oldest inhabitants. On Thursday, the 21st ult., rain began to fall in New York; on the following day the storm was continued, and people remarked that it was a "genuine old equinoctial." On Saturday the rain poured down in torrents and floods, and the weather became the all-absorbing topic of conversation. The flood-gates remained open until midnight; but Sunday morning was bright and clear. The great storm came from the sea, unheralded and unlooked-for, its first signs having been seen on the North Carolina coast; and having run its course, it put out to sea again from the Nova Scotia coast on Sunday. The rain had no sooner ceased to fall than stories of ruin and desolation, lives lost, swollen rivers, bridges, dams, and buildings swept away, and travel impeded, were flashed from all directions over the telegraph wires. New York, owing to the peculiar conformation of Manhattan Island, suffered but little, and, after all was over, was rather pleased than otherwise to have enjoyed a cleansing more thorough than had been known in years. In Brooklyn the damage was much greater, but easily repaired. Jersey City suffered to the extent of $10,000 in her streets and sewers, and her individual losses, on account of flooded cellars, etc., will amount to as much more.

The great losses by the storm were in the smaller cities of New Jersey that are intersected by rivers and small streams, and in the rural districts lying contiguous to those streams. Of these cities the largest and most important is Paterson, the centre of the American silk industry, which is bisected by the Passaic River, a broad, rapidly flowing stream, furnishing unlimited water-power to hundreds of factories within the city limits. Patersonians know by bitter experience the power for evil that their river can wield when it rises in its might, and when on Friday it began to swell and roar, and they saw the foam flecks on its tawny current, they trembled for the result. In 1854 a great freshet had swept away their dams and bridges, and in 1878 they had been again similarly afflicted, though to a less extent. All Friday night and Saturday the water rose rapidly. On Saturday afternoon its volume was suddenly augmented by the bursting of the dam of Oldham Pond, at Haledon, a suburb of Paterson. In their headlong rush of two miles, before plunging into the river, these Oldham waters did an immense amount of damage, tearing up streets and horse-car tracks, destroying bridges and culverts, and demolishing small buildings, hay-stacks, and all other movable objects that impeded their course. All Saturday night and Sunday, and until ten o'clock Monday morning, the waters steadily rose, until some persons said they were higher than in 1854. In reality, however, they did not reach the marks of that freshet by some six inches; but they were far above those of 1878, and full high enough to cause great alarm and much destruction of property.

At the great falls of the Passaic, within the city limits, the scene on Sunday and for several succeeding days was grand in the extreme, and served to draw thousands of spectators, even while the rain was falling. Just above the falls the river is spanned by a handsome iron structure known as the Spruce Street Bridge, beneath which the water rushes down a sharp incline in a vast unbroken sheet, as smooth as oil and brown as October ale, before taking its grand plunge of a hundred feet into the dark narrow chasm yawning to receive it. On this bridge the crowds stood for three days and watched the wreckage of bridges, houses, barns, and miscellaneous articles, now beyond redemption, as they were borne with terrible swiftness beneath them toward the fatal abyss. On Monday afternoon they saw the body of a horse, attached to portions of a wrecked buggy, hurried over the falls, and knew that they had belonged to a man who was swept into the raging waters with them, and drowned, on Saturday, as he was driving along the river-bank. A hundred yards below the falls the deep gorge, but sixty feet in width, through which the vast volume of churning water is forced, is spanned by a slight iron foot-bridge, and here our artist stood, drenched by blinding clouds of spray and mist, and deafened by the tumultuous roar of the angry waters, while he made the sketches of the falls.

Across the river from the main portion of the city, and close to the brink of the falls, are located the city water-works. In these the engines and boilers are placed so far below the water-level that had the river once gained entrance by doors or windows, the establishment would have been flooded, and the curious anomaly would have been presented of a city deprived of water for domestic and manufacturing purposes through the agency of a flood that at the same time threatened its partial destruction. Foot by foot the water rose about the buildings, and tier by tier it hid the brick-work from sight, until it had crept to within a few inches of the low window-sills. As soon as it became apparent that the buildings of the water-works were in danger of being flooded a force of men had been set to work building dams of sand-bags and boards at every exposed point, and as fast as the water rose additional tiers of earth-filled bags were piled on top of the frail barriers. Inadequate as they looked, these hastily extemporized defenses served the purpose, and kept the volume of water from entering, though it trickled through their interstices in every direction.

Below the falls the turbid stream, bearing its burdens of heavy wreckage as though they were feathers, swept through the city, covering the piers and lapping the roadways of the substantial bridges, so that they seemed to rest on its very surface, flooding the lower stories of the houses and mills that line its banks, pouring through the adjacent streets, until boats and rafts were the only vehicles of transportation from house to house, and doing an amount of damage that is estimated at $225,000.

On the line of the Erie Railway, a few miles above Paterson, is the pretty little village of Hohokus, and here our artist found another scene of devastation. Before the great storm, passengers, looking from the car windows as they approached Hohokus station, called each other's attention to the charming sheet of water nestled in the hills, beside which the track ran for nearly a quarter of a mile. It was known as the Zabriskie Pond, and it, and the great moss-grown dam restraining it, were among the most picturesque features of the landscape. Now, in place of the little lake, there stretches only a bare expanse of black unsightly mud, through which rushes an impetuous brook. Twenty-one years ago the old dam was swept away, and the following year the owner of the property, Mr. John J. Zabriskie, then one of the assistant engineers of the Croton Water-Works, built a new dam of red sandstone that he declared all the powers below could not shake. Three years ago the builder of the dam was drowned in the lake he had created. Since then the present occupants of the old Zabriskie mansion, a fine stone house a few rods below the dam, have called it, with its pretty cascade, their minature Niagara, and have pointed out its beauties to visitors. It was deemed impregnable, and even on that memorable Saturday, when four dams on the stream above it had given way, and the accumulated waters from their ponds were hurled against it, no fears were entertained that it would go. Suddenly, on Saturday afternoon, without a signal of warning, and with a roar of thunder, the great dam burst, and its walls melted like snow before the blast of a furnace. On the bosom of the loosened waters, the massive key-stone of the dam, weighing three tons, was borne a quarter of a mile. The furious stream uprooted trees, covered the beautiful Zabriskie gardens with great bowlders, swept away bridges, and in twenty minutes did $50,000 worth of damage.

Another city to suffer very serious damage was Plainfield, New Jersey, which is intersected by three small brooks flowing down from the mountain back of the city. These were swollen by the deluge of rain into rushing rivers, hurling vast bodies of water into the devoted city, and sweeping all before them. Within the city limits six fine stone bridges supported by heavy arches of solid masonry, and a dozen built of wood, were completely destroyed, a number of ice-houses, factories, and small dwelling-houses swept from their foundations or undermined so that they fell, and an almost incalculable amount of damage done in all directions.

On Saturday, the third day of the storm, a crowd of people were assembled on Grove Street Bridge, over Green Brook, watching the wreck of a kindling-wood factory which was being rapidly borne toward them, and in the midst of which a man was struggling for life, when, without warning, twenty feet of the structure sank beneath their feet as though it had melted away, and in an instant nine persons were ingulfed in the seething waters. By heroic efforts of a dozen brave men, from among the crowds lining the banks of the stream, all but one were rescued, though bruised, bleeding, and nearly drowned. Late that night Frenche's Dam, the last but one left standing in Green Brook, gave way, and the increased volume of water destroyed what remained of the Grove Street Bridge.

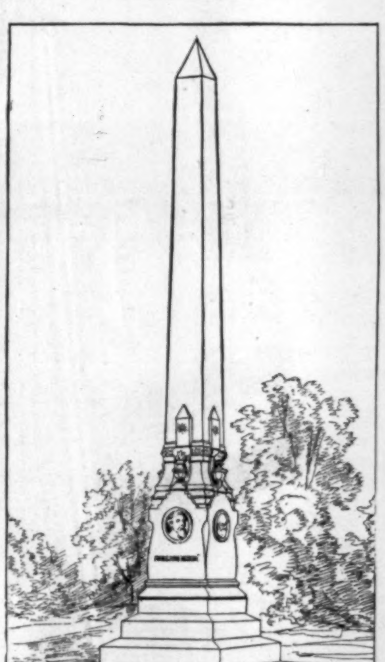
The adventures of a Plainfield milkman illustrate the dangers of travel near that city during the storm. He left the city with his horse and wagon at nine o'clock Saturday morning, and attempted to reach his home in Washington Valley, only four miles away. He was first compelled to abandon his wagon. Soon afterward his horse sank beneath him, and it was only after seventeen hours of swimming, walking, and making long détours that he finally reached home, more nearly dead than alive.

During the storm no city more narrowly escaped a terrible disaster involving great loss of life than Trenton, the capital city of New Jersey. On Sunday morning the swollen waters of Assinpink Creek burst their banks, and rushed down the track of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and through the South Trenton tunnel, which is fourteen feet high. The rushing waters reached to within a foot of the top of the tunnel, above which flows the Delaware and Raritan Canal. If they had reached and broken the canal embankment, South Trenton with its five thousand inhabitants must have been swept into the Delaware River.

The amount of damage in Trenton was immense, the destruction including the iron truss bridge at Stockton Street, three large frame storehouses, an ice-house, a large number of smaller bridges and buildings, and the incalculable injury done to stock and machinery on the first floors of a large number of factories. For two days all railroad travel and traffic was suspended. The Clinton Street bridge of the Pennsylvania Railroad was at one time submerged to the depth of ten feet, and only the tops of half a dozen engines and as many trains of cars standing on the track could be seen. In the railroad yard, platforms, signal stations, and tool-houses floated about in every direction.

An amusing sight during the flood was that presented in front of a saloon on Burnet Street, which was entirely surrounded by water, and in front of which on Sunday morning fifteen rowboats were moored to the hitching posts which indicated the line of the street beneath.

The signal officer in this city reports the total rain-fall between eleven o'clock on Wednesday night and daylight of Sunday morning to have been 9.46 inches. For the same period the official rain-gauge of Paterson reported a rain-fall of sixteen inches; but, as a gentleman of that city remarked, "it must have taken a drop too much."



THE HECKER MONUMENT, ST. LOUIS.

FRIEDRICH HECKER.

The monument which German citizens have erected in St. Louis to the memory of Friedrich Hecker is a fitting recognition of the services rendered by that patriot to the cause of liberty. It is more: it is a tribute of love to the personality of a man who had qualities commanding the respect of his opponents and the devotion of his followers. An enthusiastic defender of the liberties of the people, he did not hesitate to risk life and property in the endeavor to found a free and united Germany. Baffled in the attempt, he crossed the Atlantic. The same sense of justice and love of liberty which had made him a leader in the movement against the petty princes of his native country, in this enlisted his sympathies in the cause of an oppressed race. His sanguine temperament and impulsive nature frequently led him into saying and doing things which in calmer moments he must have regretted. The purity, however, of his motives has never been questioned. A warm friend, a good hater, he was idolized by his friends and feared by his enemies. To a richly gifted mind, and a remarkable facility for grasping a subject, he added the rare art of winning others to his ideas; and even his most inveterate antagonists in the ranks of his own party could not always resist the power of his arguments and the fervor of his convictions. In his private life he showed those simple and unassuming manners which made him essentially a man of the people, and gave him a place in the hearts of his countrymen. Nature, too, seemed to have made him the ideal leader in a popular movement, a national hero, in giving him a powerful frame, a massive head, and strongly marked features. His language was habitually the dialect of the people. The power of his physique was reflected in his writings, which were distinguished by great vigor of expression and freshness of thought. His sudden death at Belleville, Illinois, on the 24th of March, 1881, was mourned by thousands of friends in Germany and in this country, where among new surroundings and under more favorable conditions he had found another home, and a fresh field for his restless energies.

Friedrich Karl Franz Hecker was born at Eichtersheim, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, on the 28th of September, 1811. He attended the Lyceum in Mannheim, and studied law at the universities of Heidelberg and Munich. The practice of his profession at Karlsruhe and Mannheim soon gained him the reputation of a painstaking and conscientious lawyer. His services were in constant demand. An opportunity of entering the field of politics was given him in 1842, when he was elected a member of the Lower Chamber. He at once became the soul of the opposition. His attacks on standing abuses, and the zeal with which he entered upon an agitation for liberal reforms, frightened his more easy-going colleagues into withholding from him their support. Indignant at what he considered their half-heartedness, he resigned his seat as Deputy. Upon his return, in 1848, from an extended tour through the south of France and Algiers, he was persuaded by his friends to resume his place as leader of the opposition. His relations with the more moderate members of his party continued strained, however. They moved too slowly for him. In his opinion the time for action had come. Hastening to Constance, he there proclaimed the republic. The complete failure of the whole enterprise is a matter of history, and need not be entered into here. The undisciplined volunteers under Hecker were beaten at Kandern; Freiburg, which the insurrectionists had occupied, was retaken by the government troops; and a corps of German exiles which had entered the Grand Duchy from France was dispersed at Dorsenbach. Hecker fled to Switzerland, and from there came to this country, where he settled on a small farm near St. Louis. Recalled by the Provisional Government of Baden, which in his absence had succeeded in driving out the Grand Duke, he made haste to return to Germany. He arrived in Strasburg in time only to witness the flight of the republican troops over the French and Swiss frontiers. Closely watched by the government of Napoleon, he reached Havre, and there embarked once more for America.

Arrived on his farm, he devoted himself with energy to agriculture, in a short time making for himself a name as a successful farmer. His early training and temperament, however, unfitted him for so quiet a pursuit. Entering political life in his adopted country as an Abolitionist, he soon succeeded in becoming a prominent leader of the German wing of that party. When the civil war broke out, he placed himself at the head of the Twenty-fourth Illinois Regiment, which also bore his name. Difficulties with his superiors (he claimed to have been superseded in command) led to his resigning his command. Shortly afterward he took the field again, as Colonel of the Eighty-second Illinois Regiment, which, like the former, had to a large extent been raised for him in Chicago. At Chancellorsville he was severely wounded, and after fighting under Grant at Chattanooga, retired in the autumn of the same year from active service. In 1872, though sitting in the Convention which nominated Greeley, he supported Grant for the Presidency; in 1876 he made speeches throughout the West in favor of Hayes.

An enthusiastic reception was given Hecker by his many admirers when he visited Germany in 1873. The changes which the war of 1870 had wrought in the father-land, and the national feeling to which it had given birth, could not, of course, escape the notice of so acute an observer. The dream of his younger days had been realized in part at least. In his eyes the sacrifices made by the patriots of 1848 had not been made in vain; their devotion had kept alive the dying embers of national self-consciousness, and had made a united Germany a possibility. Though acknowledging the great results achieved, principally by those whom he had antagonized all his life, he was too sturdy a republican ever to look with a very friendly feeling upon the present government of Germany, and to these views he gave at all times free expression, notably so in his speech at the great St. Louis Peace Festival in 1871.

Max G. Seckendorff.

THE DEMOCRATIC LEADERS.

The Democratic Convention was controlled by an ex-rebel and the master-spirit of Tammany Hall. Mr. Pryor, a former Confederate officer, read the resolutions. Mr. Kelly, in fact, selected the candidate. It is not Mr. Cleveland who led the assembled Democracy, but the same reactionary and dangerous elements that have so often made these Democratic gatherings objects of real terror to the people. It was marked by many traits that recall the old rebellious meetings of ten or fifteen years ago. Almost the same names re-appear. The Union men were sneered at and rejected. At the evening session Mr. Pryor, the Confederate general, made some remarks not complimentary to the loyal General Slocum; a Democratic friend of Mr. Slocum denounced him as a rebel; Mr. Pryor knocked him down with a blow of his fist, according to the New York *Sun*, September 23, and received the applause of his Democratic associates. This is quite in the old spirit of Tammany Hall, which has given some of its best offices to ex-Confederates, and is in close sympathy with the most reactionary section of Southern politicians. But a Convention in which Mr. Kelly names the candidate, and Mr. Pryor pummels Union men, is not likely to give much comfort to the tax-payers and working-men of New York city, or even Buffalo. It would be well for them to look into the history of this curious Democracy.

The Democratic leaders, who have made the city of New York pay for many an election in the past, are about to make a raid upon the State. With them there is no chaffering about assessments of two or more per cent. They pay high salaries, they require a large proportion for political expenses. The victim who receives from six to ten thousand dollars a year suffers cheerfully, and the office-holders of the city of New York are never impoverished by their liberality to their political chief. Nowhere are such high salaries paid to inferior men, nowhere is there such a lavish waste of the people's money. It is in the city of New York that the Democratic party has held its long reign for more than twenty years—except for the brief and imperfect overthrow of the "Ring"—and it is here, in the centre of its power, that it is most exposed to severe condemnation. Here it has shown all its vices and all its alarming traits, because here it has ruled unchecked. For more than twenty years the city has been the scene of unparalleled waste and fraud. The Democratic system culminated in the "Ring" of 1869 and 1870. Then were seen such open robberies as were never imagined before; then Democratic officials flaunted in wild wastefulness and crime; then the lavish gifts to Roman Catholic institutions were fastened on the city; then the famous leaders of the Democratic party looked on as if unconscious while the revelry of plunder went on, and the meetings in Tammany Hall were crowded with the Democratic magnates who were afflicted with political blindness, and could see around nothing wrong. It is curious to notice how full their speeches at the time were of reform, purity, and moral grace.

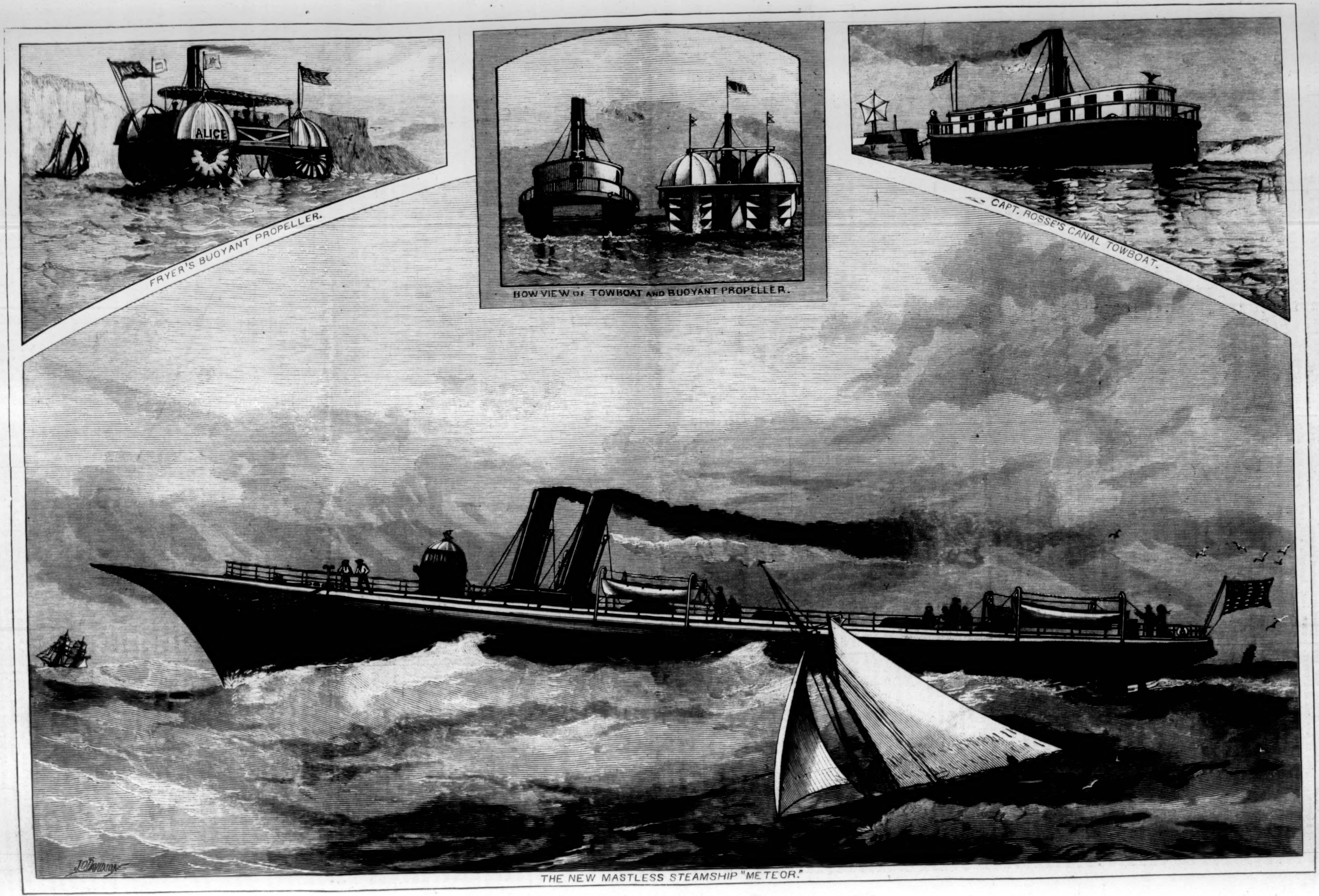
From Tweed and Sweeny to Tilden, they were all reformers. But suddenly the terrible rule ended, and some, at least, of the wrongdoers were cast down. Some met with a just retribution; unhappily for the city, the evil they had done was irreparable. Our honest citizens resolved to pay the fraudulent debt contracted by their Democratic rulers. It was a fearful burden, and the stricken city has not yet recovered from the fatal blow. But it was an honest impulse born of freedom, and the thought of repudiation was never entertained; the fraudulent bonds were assumed, the liabilities were paid. But the city came out of the fearful struggle loaded with a debt, in 1873, of nearly $150,000,000, and borne down by a weight of taxation that seemed about to swallow up all its resources. Democratic waste and fraud had nearly destroyed its credit.

Soon after, in 1873, came the commercial and world-wide panic. Intense poverty weighed upon the people. Business stopped; labor suffered, and the working-men starved. But the Democratic politicians alone flourished and grew rich in the general need. Their great salaries were still kept up, their useless offices were still filled; the taxation of the city increased; and our Democratic leaders refused to share in the sorrows or the privations of their fellow-citizens; the golden stream still flowed into Tammany Hall. The system of plunder has never been changed. The helpless city still lies in the grasp of its Democratic officials. It has grown rich and great again, but it seems to have lost the power of self-defense.

Unfortunately the Democratic party can never be anything else than what it has been. It was the party that fostered the rebellion by its disloyalty; it is the party that robbed the city of New York. Of both these crimes against the people it has never repented. It still fosters and cherishes as its leaders men who have been in arms against their country, and New York officials trained in the orgies of the "Ring." General Slocum, who has been true to his country, it rejects as a candidate for Governor, and nominates for a position of less importance. It has never ceased to make the city of New York the victim of its dangerous policy; it has never ceased to plunder it through its officials. The "Ring" was nominally broken down; its system is still preserved. Its old leaders still rule in New York. Mr. Cleveland, whom they have selected as their candidate for Governor, will do well, if he is a true patriot, to look into the character and designs of his associates. But we think the people of New York and Brooklyn have had enough of the rule of ex-rebels and foreign priests. They have suffered for twenty years all the various forms of civic robbery. The honest working-man has often been taxed for a large proportion of his savings, or been driven from the city by Democratic plunderers. The honest tax-payer has found his property wasted in the efforts to satisfy Democratic frauds, in maintaining in luxury a swarm of ex-rebels and foreign officials, and satisfying the boundless cost of Democratic elections.

The people have now their opportunity for revenge. The Republican candidate, Mr. Folger, has always been true to his country and the cause of the working-man. By electing him the people will once more come into power. They have in the Republican candidate and party an opportunity of reform. They may even snatch the city of New York from the control of its plunderers. They may make it a clean and honest city. By electing Mr. Folger, the State of New York will prove again its hatred for disunionists and traitors; its firm support of free speech and free thought; its resolution to promote the business prosperity of the country by honest measures in finance; its devotion to the cause of progress. In the success of the Republican party, the working-men of Europe and America will rejoice together.

Eugene Lawrence.



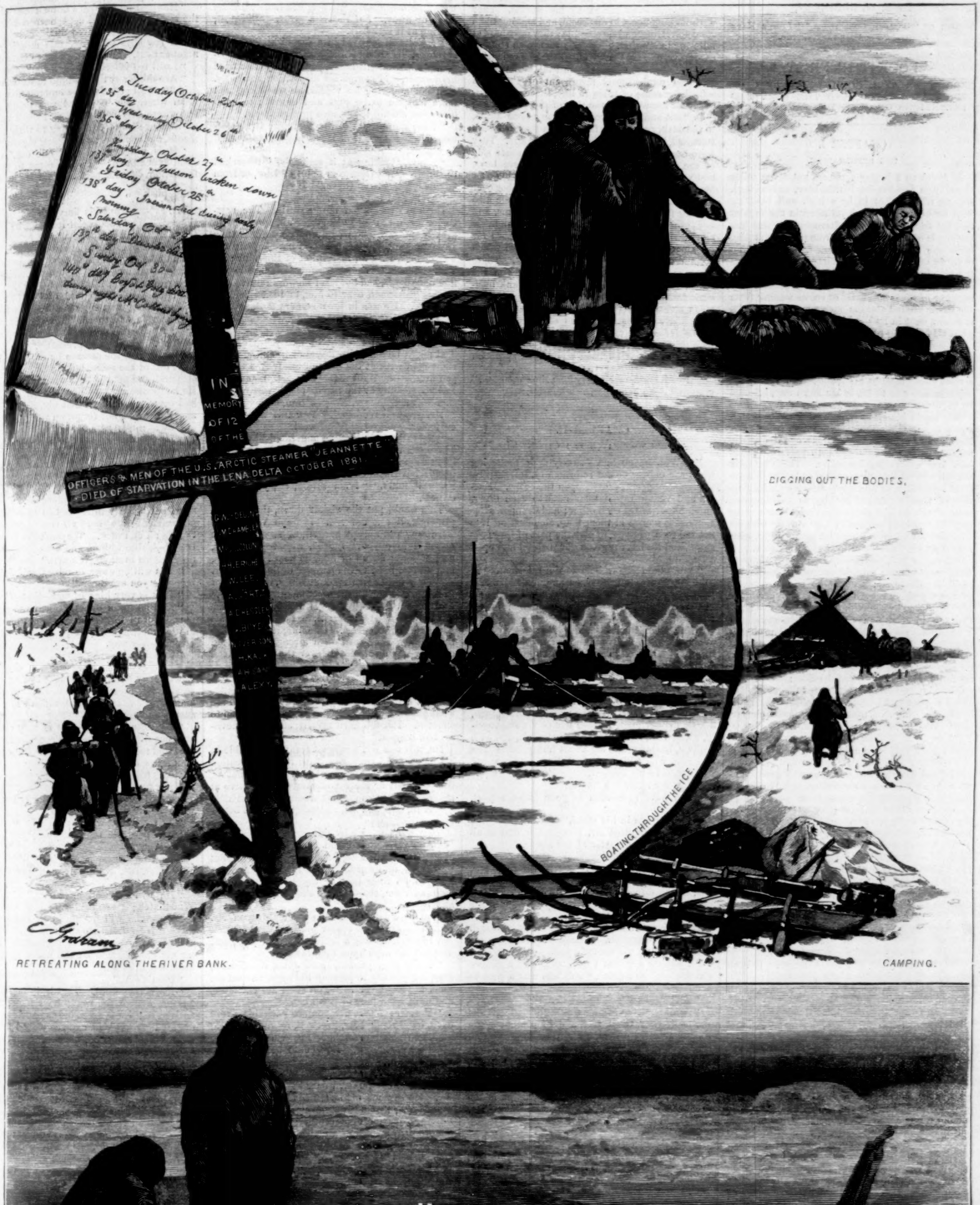
FRYER'S BUOYANT PROPELLER.

BOW VIEW OF TOWBOAT AND BUOYANT PROPELLER.

CAPT. ROSSE'S CANAL TOWBOAT.

THE NEW MASTLESS STEAMSHIP "METEOR."

RECENT MARINE INVENTIONS.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 635.]

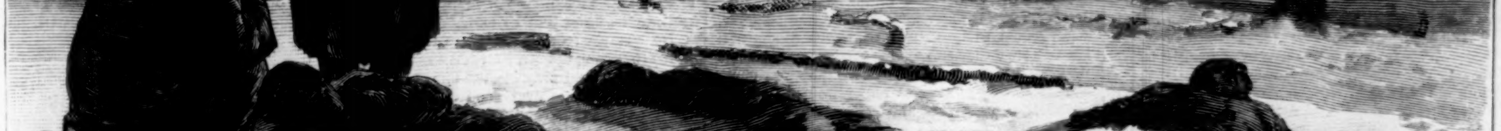

Tuesday October 25th
135th day
Wednesday October 26th
136th day
Thursday October 27th
137th day Iveson broken down
Friday October 28th
138th day Iveson died during early
morning
Saturday Oct 29
139th day Dressler died
Sunday Oct 30
140th day Boyd & Görtz died
during night Mr Collins dying
IN
MEMORY
OF 12
OF THE
OFFICERS & MEN OF THE U.S. ARCTIC STEAMER "JEANNETTE"
DIED OF STARVATION IN THE LENA DELTA OCTOBER 1881.
G.W. DE LON
J.M. DR. AMBLE
COLLIN
H. ERICH
W. LEE.
A. GÖRTZ
A. DRESSLER
BOYD.
N. IVERSON
H. KAAC
AH SAM
ALEXY.
C. Graham

DIGGING OUT THE BODIES.

BOATING THROUGH THE ICE.

RETREATING ALONG THE RIVER BANK.

CAMPING.



FINDING THE BODIES OF CAPT. DELONG, DR. AMBLER, AND AH. SAM.

THE SEARCH FOR CAPTAIN DE LONG.—Engraved for Harper's Weekly from Sketches by Larsen.—[See Page 635.]

THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Coward Conscience," "Little Kate Kirby," "Poor Humanity," etc.

BOOK THE FIRST

CHRONICLES THE GOOD INTENTIONS OF JOHN WOODHATCH, AND THE VERY BAD INTENTIONS OF GREG DORWARD.

CHAPTER I.

THE REFORMATORY.

It stood on a breezy common, not seven miles away from London—a blank, bare, red-bricked, staring edifice, shut in by a high wall bristling with broken glass, which glittered in the rays of the hot sun that August afternoon. There was the ripple of merry laughter from children at play upon the common; light-footed, harum-scarum children of all grades of society, and all free as the air above them or the birds that were singing to them; there was the low, long, monotonous murmur of some hundreds of voices welling from the airing ground and the open windows of the institution, shut in by the high walls on which the glass was flaming like a fringe of fire.

There was play on the green grass, but hard work in the big brick house; and John Woodhatch, standing with his hands behind him, and a solid ebony cane in his hands, seemed to mark the contrast, and to be, in his stern way, affected by it.

We say in his stern way, for John Woodhatch was a stern man, although one worth twice looking at, as at a something or some one out of the regular pattern—the set-smooth pattern, that is—of our every-day humanity. The men and women who crossed the common as he stood there (and he stood with strange patience and for "no end of time") glanced at him as they passed, stared back at him, three-fourths of them, after they *had* passed, wondering for a while who he was, and for what or whom he was waiting, with that deep-set, thoughtful look upon his face.

He was a tall, powerfully built man, of some forty years of age; upright and strong, keen-eyed and sharp-featured; a man who had seen much of the world, and been bronzed and generally highly colored by something fiercer than this English sun in whose rays he was then standing; a handsome man in his sternness, and probably the more attractive for having his hair flecked thick with gray. Beard, mustache, or whisker he possessed not, but his clean-shaven face was no futile effort at a youthful effect; "hair disguised him," he said, and he hated disguise. He hated a great many things, did John Woodhatch, by-the-way; and of that we may have clearer proof hereafter.

Presently he walked toward a green gate let in the side wall of the institution, and with a quick snatch at the handle of the bell woke up the echoes with a summons that was unnecessarily noisy. The side door was opened on the instant, and a gawky lad, whose limbs were pushed so far through his corduroys that he seemed growing rapidly while you surveyed him, stood in a red-tiled passage—a sentinel on guard.

"Well, of all the blessed rows—" he began; then he stopped, looked at the visitor, and touched a front lock of red hair hanging over a low forehead.

"Is Mr. Fretwell in?" asked John Woodhatch.

"Yes, sir. Will you step round to the front door, and—"

"No; I'll come in this way. You can find him this way for me as well as the other. What's your name?"

"Crapper," answered the young porter.

"Take this to Mr. Fretwell, Crapper. It is an official order to inspect the reformatory. I'll wait here till you come back. There's my card as well. Look sharp."

Master Crapper departed swiftly along the red-tiled passage, opened a second green door, and disappeared.

Mr. John Woodhatch, unceremonious or curious, and not too particularly mindful of his promise to wait where Crapper had left him, moved along the passage also, pushed open the second green door, and entered upon a broad and spacious plot of ground, where he came, figuratively, to anchor for a second time; and, after his old habit, put his hands behind him, and planted his ebony stick firmly in the ground. He looked keenly to right and left of him, as one interested and observant; and the features relaxed somewhat of their sternness, and took so sad an expression to them instead that tears might have come for an instant into the large, gray eyes of the visitor, the natural brightness of them was so suddenly and strangely dimmed.

And yet at first sight there was nothing to depress an observer, and it was a busy, healthy scene at which he gazed. Here were some two or three hundred boys learning the gospel of work, two or three hundred waifs and strays—the offscourings of the streets and jails—wound up and set going, and in a different and better fashion than had been known to them hitherto. They were working hard, possibly with here and there a hard task-master over them, as might be necessary with such unmalleable material to deal with in the way of their respective characters. They were very busy, in long, low workshops, in sawing planks of Swedish pine-wood into blocks, chopping blocks into fire-wood, making wheels of wood and resin for speedier ignition of fuel, fashioning mop-sticks and broom-handles, copper-sticks and rolling-pins, handles of garden tools, and of all tools seemingly under heaven, and fetching and carrying like ants in a big hive; they were very busy in the floors above, where the open windows were, and the pale, thin faces of more pupils of Mr. Fretwell's Academy for Young Gentlemen looked out furtively at the visitor in the grounds, and wondered "what the devil"—his business was, and whether any trouble—always trouble somewhere!—was meant by his arrival. They were making boots in one room, and making them stout and strong and serviceable; they were hard at tailoring in another, busy upon their own suits of corduroys, and particular about the one red stripe running down the leg—ornamental, perhaps, but still too unpleasantly significant of Fretwell's school for some of them to like, those who wanted, at all hazards—at the risk of the prison even—to "cut and run" from it as from a lazar-house, to the dark, *free* streets from which they had been snatched, biting and tearing at their saviors. They were busy in the school-rooms on the other side of the great airing yard, and there were boys, and youths verging on manhood even, poring over lessons, and with their turn for manual labor over for the day, thank God! There was music also welling from the windows of far-off rooms, and boys blundering at present through the brand-new march which the music master had composed for the amateur brass band of that institution which John Woodhatch had called to inspect. There was a steam-engine puffing and blowing in the rear, also employed in the pine-wood plank business, and lightening manual labor very considerably; and there were signs and tokens of industry everywhere in this big, pitiful school, where the pupils' faces were all white and lined, and seared with grim expressions, and the rosy, smiling countenance of happy boyhood was a rare specimen to find.

"Does it seem such a very long time ago now?" muttered John Woodhatch to himself.

CHAPTER II.

JOHN WOODHATCH IS INQUISITIVE.

Mr. Woodhatch had scarcely done muttering when the master of the reformatory, followed by the boy Crapper, appeared upon the scene. Master and visitor raised their hats to each other, and looked hard at each other; and Crapper, after a sidelong glance at them both, slouched off into the red-tiled passage, to play the part of Cerberus again, and to shut the green door behind him upon a bustling world.

"You would like to inspect the reformatory?" said Mr. Fretwell, briskly, as he dangled sundry keys from the fingers of his left hand, and held Mr. Woodhatch's letter of introduction in his right.

"No; I don't think I should," answered John Woodhatch. "I have been over it often enough in my time, and when you were a child."

Mr. Fretwell was surprised; he looked keenly at his companion for an instant, and then said,

"Indeed!"

"Your name *is* Fretwell?" asked the visitor, curiously, as he surveyed the principal in his turn, a little dapper man, of some five or six and twenty, with small, light eyes and sandy hair, and with a quick, business-like air about him generally, as of a man who trifled not with time, and was not to be trifled with himself.

"Yes, my name is Fretwell."

"You have succeeded to your father's post, then?"

"Yes, I reign in his stead," he said, lightly.

"Dead?" inquired Mr. Woodhatch, and in allusion to the late master of the house.

"Oh no. Superannuated."

"And you prefer to follow in his footsteps, and pursue a hard life—for it is hard and onerous, if you do your duty, sir—to choosing some profession or trade where money or honors are more easily earned?"

Mr. Fretwell shrugged his shoulders, although a shade of discontent seemed to settle on his countenance at the visitor's plain speaking.

"I don't know that I have ever had a chance offered me," he replied, "and this was a post to keep in the family, I suppose."

"Ah! well—and the boys here?"

"Are about the same as ever they were," was the answer. "Good, bad, and indifferent—the former a scarce article, but still to be discovered in the place, if any one cares to look for it. It does not appear to me that any one cares much, and reformatories are not fashionable," he added, bitterly, after a pause. "But may I ask—"

"Yes; anything you like, but don't be in too great a hurry about it," answered the other, quickly, and even brusquely.

"My time—"

"Is valuable. So it should be; so should be everybody's," added John Woodhatch again; "but I am here on business, and that letter of introduction in your hand makes it sufficiently clear that I have a claim upon your time, I think?"

"Oh, certainly, certainly."

Mr. Fretwell was just in the slightest degree nettled, for the stranger's manner was peculiar, and seemed to be dictatorial, which it was not. He was sure that this visitor was one of the class that "wanted to know," and to know too much—that wanted to suggest impossibilities and impracticabilities that would alter the whole rules of the reformatory in about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, if allowed the run of the rules, that would preach and theorize and sermonize, and be generally fussy for one afternoon, and then go away again, and never be heard of more—not even in the newspapers.

"I have no particular wish to go over the reformatory," explained Mr. Woodhatch again, "although I can hardly see the boys without. And I wish to see all the boys, and should like them marched out, rank and file, into the airing ground."

Mr. Fretwell did not respond to this. He marvelled at the coolness of the request, even at the man's "damned impudence"; but he simply folded up the letter of introduction, put it in the breast pocket of his coat, and stared blankly ahead of him. His silence did not strike the visitor as peculiar; John Woodhatch went on in his own decisive and straightforward manner.

"I hope your heart is in your work, Mr. Fretwell," he continued; "if not, you had better be dead or away. For this is a great, grand post, looking at it seriously."

Mr. Fretwell laughed in a forced manner, and shrugged his shoulders again. Yes, he was evidently a discontented man, and the boys had tried his temper, and soured his disposition generally. And not admiring his visitor, he was more and more inclined to be pert and official; to snub him even, should the chance present itself.

"I see the gravity of the position; the greatness or the grandeur of it has never struck me," he replied.

"I said, 'looking at it seriously,'" remarked the other—"not from your point of view, or from any man's, but from God's."

"Oh!" said the master.

He was discomfited now a little. The newcomer was a religious man, after all, and come to preach and rave; he would understand less than any one else the difficulties and hardships in the way of managing an institution of this kind; he wished the Reverend Athelstan Cream, who visited once a day, had not left; he would have turned this gentleman over to him, and sped back to his office. He was in for a sermon now, and yet there were letters to answer, and accounts in arrear.

"I have often thought of late years what a deal might be done in a house of this kind if the right man were at the head of affairs. I take it you are not the right man," said Mr. Woodhatch, looking steadily at the master; "I know your father was not."

Mr. Fretwell reddened. Yes, this was a cool customer.

"My father was thought a great deal of here. There has never been one word said against this institution in his time or mine, and a great many people have spoken well of it," exclaimed Mr. Fretwell, hotly. "I am afraid, sir, you are too critical."

This would put the visitor down, thought the principal, but it did not. If John Woodhatch were rude and abrupt himself, he seemed not to notice it in others. Indeed, with some strong, deep thought ahead of him, he heard the words, but paid no heed to the manner of their delivery.

"Your father was weak at times, and a tyrant at times, and such a man is generally a failure," continued the visitor. "If I had power, the power of the state, to back me, I could make this a very different place. One might work more reformation here, turn on a stronger light, lead many a boy upward and over the hills, instead of sinking him down, or letting him sink."

"You should put in for the post," said Mr. Fretwell, airily.

"Not I. I am like a great many others—I see what good may be done, but I am not the man to effect it. I'm too hard myself, and I'm a devilish bad temper."

No, this was not a religious man. Variable in his moods, and garrulous, with no consideration for other people's time, and with an idea that *he*, the principal of the establishment, was there at his orders, and awaiting his orders, confound him!

"Well, sir," he said, restlessly, "we had better be moving."

They went on side by side.

"And yet I understand boys, I am sure," Mr. Woodhatch continued, "such boys as these, sent by orders of magistrates and judges, and set here to do their best or worst. To be saved, many of them, too—there's the consolation of it all, sir—eh?"

And here he pounced so suddenly upon Mr. Fretwell's arm, and tender muscles thereof, that Mr. Fretwell let out a little scream of pain, and dropped his keys upon the gravel.

"I beg your pardon," said John Woodhatch, stooping politely to pick up the keys, and return them to their owner. "You see I am excitable, and unfit for a post of this kind."

"Yes, sir; I perceive you are excitable—very excitable," replied Mr. Fretwell, rubbing his arm vigorously, and marvelling and cursing at the other's iron fingers. He should be bruised to-morrow, he was sure.

"I was a boy here myself once," said Mr. Woodhatch. "Your father, I dare say, will remember me. He saw me off to Canada with thirty-nine other boys; it was twenty-five years ago this very day. A quarter of a century," he murmured: "more than a third of a man's long life!"

Mr. Fretwell took out the letter of introduction, looked at it, and replaced it, saying: "I don't remember the name, although you are on the old books of course. And you come here—"

"To see what good I can do," he cried, warmly; "to show that I am not ungrateful for the chance that was offered me; to do good in my turn, God willing that I should."

He stretched out his hand to touch the master's arm again, but Mr. Fretwell was on his guard this time, and adroitly evaded him.

"Precisely so. Very good of you, too. You are one of the few gratefuls that turn up at times," answered Mr. Fretwell.

"Canada was my salvation. I learned to work in earnest there; I learned self-reliance, honesty, thrift. By degrees," he added, "I became a rich man."

"We should like your history for our record volume," said Mr. Fretwell, more interested now—more gracious, perhaps, if we may use the term.

"You shall have it."

"My father will be glad to hear of you again, I am sure."

"Oh, he wasn't a bad sort to me; but he wasn't the right man here. But I have said that before, I think."

"Yes, you have said that before," added Mr. Fretwell, dryly. "And, may I ask, in what way—"

"I want to take one of the boys off your hands, and see what I can make of him. I should be glad," he added, "to set one upon the right path as I was set."

"To adopt one?"

"Hardly that; I don't quite mean that," was the reply. "It would depend upon himself, perhaps, as the world moved on."

"A few boys will leave this month, a greater number next. Some are going to Canada—"

"I will not interfere with *them*."

"Are there any there whose looks you fancy?" said Mr. Fretwell, as they entered the long low room where the fire-wood was being chopped, and where fifty or sixty boys looked up at once, grinned or scowled, according to their respective moods, and then began chopping vigorously again.

"It is not easy to pick one out," remarked John Woodhatch; "I have come to you for information on this point. That is the object of my mission."

"Oh, I see."

Mr. Fretwell put his finger to his lip and considered. Mr. Woodhatch looked with steady interest at the boys, spoke to one or two of them, then to the overseer in charge of them. He was a man of many questions, and a man who asked strange questions too. Boys and overlooker were soon puzzled with him.

"I was one of you, and worked like you," he said to them, "and I went abroad and made my own way in the world. Try and do the same, lads; it is not so very hard to keep straight and push on. Think of it presently. *Do.*"

That was all the sermon he preached before he went out of the room, but it was an earnest little outburst, and set the boys wondering and staring. He had come back to have a look at them. He had been one of them, that big, strapping gentleman! He had not forgotten what he had been.

He was a man who seemed to remember everything. As they crossed to another part of the premises, he startled Mr. Fretwell by saying:

"You said reformatories were not fashionable just now, and you said it somewhat spitefully. What did you mean by that?"

"Oh, that we are *not* fashionable. People don't seem particularly interested in us—think that a government grant does all that is necessary, and there's an end of it. We don't get many—hardly any—subscriptions and donations, and we are never down in anybody's will."

"You will be down in mine," said John Woodhatch; "you are down."

"That is very kind of you—that—"

"And as for a donation, will you accept this now, before I forget it? I should like a receipt in the morning, if you please," he added, in a business-like way.

"Certainly."

Mr. Woodhatch had drawn a check—which was already filled in and signed—from his pocket, and Mr. Fretwell took it, thanked the donor, and glanced at the amount, which was a complete surprise to him.

"My dear sir, this—this is very princely. I am sure the Committee will consider itself deeply indebted to you;" and Mr. Fretwell made the rich man a low bow.

"It is what I purposed giving years ago. You will not forget a receipt to-morrow?"

"Certainly not. I will write it out at once, when we—"

"No; to-morrow, please. We were talking about a boy. Is there any one just out of his time here?"

"That boy Crapper, who is on porter's duty, is a very steady, quiet boy, and perfectly trustworthy."

"He will do well anywhere," observed Mr. Woodhatch; "you will find him a position of trust, and he will go on as he has begun, and there will be one more to the good. But I want a boy of whom you have despaired. I wish to try my experiments on the worst specimen you have, not the best."

"That's odd."

"No, it is natural. That is, in me," he added. "I was one of the worst boys here; I was despaired of; I was set aside as hopeless and thoroughly irreclaimable, and see what I am now."

This was rather a conceited remark, but Mr. Woodhatch was too much in earnest to blush at his own self-laudation.

"I was saved," he added; "let me save another, and after the same fashion, if I can."

Mr. Fretwell thought again, smiled to himself, and shrugged his shoulders.

"I should think Greg would about suit you," he said; "he's our worst character; *we* can not do anything with him; he's beyond our teaching and our punishment altogether."

"You have gone the wrong way to work with him. How old is he?"

"Sixteen."

"That's bad—that's rather old. Where is he?"

"Well, he's in our dark cell at present. He tried to set the place on fire last night."

"I will see him, please."

CHAPTER III.

"GREG."

Mr. Fretwell hesitated. It was against the rules to see any one in punishment, or to allow the individual punished to see or converse with anybody. But Mr. Woodhatch was a patron of the institution now, had given a munificent donation, and was a being not to be slighted, if possible. Besides, here was a chance of getting rid of Greg; and though Greg was the least deserving—out of this army of black sheep—of any chance being proffered him, it would be always a mercy to know that the institution was quit of him for good.

"I can show him to you if you like," said Mr. Fretwell at last; "we shall not find him particularly presentable."

"All the better," remarked John Woodhatch; "we shall find him as he is."

They crossed the big airing yard toward a small building in the distance, a something that might be a sentry-box or a cupboard, built of brick, with strong iron bolts and hinges to the outer door. Mr. Fretwell was followed, and, by a sign which he had quickly conveyed, by some ten or twelve of the biggest boys of the reformatory, and two of the masters of the establishment. John Woodhatch regarded them with a little surprise.

"So bad as this, is he?"

"It is as well to be prepared, at all events," answered Mr. Fretwell, evasively.

"Ah! when it comes to that kind of punishment," said the visitor, pointing with his stick to the dark cell, "we had better be prepared for anything. That is one of the mistakes here, Mr. Fretwell."

"What are we to do?" asked the principal.

John Woodhatch shook his head, but did not answer him; probably he did not know how to answer him. It had been a failure with him, he could have said; but he had done talking of himself for that day, and he had done with preaching too. Here was business to be attended to, the business upon which he had come, and had very cautiously approached.

"Now, then," said Mr. Fretwell, a little flushed in the face, and a little apprehensive of results, for all the self-confidence assumed, "let go!"

It was like the order from the captain of a ship or a balloon, and a twitch at the corners of the visitor's mouth might have been taken or mistaken for a smile. The boys closed round about the door, curious, eager-eyed, and grinning boys, expectant of another "jolly lark" with Greg. One of the assistant masters unlocked and unbolted the door and swung it back, and in an instant the inmate of the cell had bounded up two and three steps from the darkness into the glare of the daylight, and was in their midst, a white-faced, haggard being, his corduroys hanging in ragged festoons upon his limbs, and his mouth and nostrils smeared with the blood-stains of his last desperate conflict with opposing forces. Two deep-set black eyes, with a mad fire in them, took in the scene before him; and though puzzled at the group, and wondering at it, he seemed only hesitating at this juncture as to which way to spring, and to bring about him and the school the turmoil of some twenty-four hours since, which had ended in his summary consignment to "the dark."

"Steady, Greg; no more of this!" shouted Mr. Fretwell, in his most authoritative tones. "We don't want any more nonsense. I've brought a gentleman to see you."

Greg was too confused or sullen to reply. The loud tones of the voice seemed to check his first impulse to dash forward, and he glanced furtively, and with much hate and passion in the glance, at the man who thus addressed him. It was like a prisoner of the Bastile, long hidden away from the world, coming out, bewildered and half mad, into the blinding light of God's sun.

"I don't want no genelman. If I had a brick, I'd—"

"Greg Dorward, try and listen to me for a moment," said Mr. Woodhatch, stepping forward, and laying his hand on his shoulder. Greg slipped his shoulder angrily away from the friendly touch, and went back a step or two distrustfully, and with the same furtive look with which he had favored Mr. Fretwell. Mr. Fretwell and the master listened attentively; the boys closed round more curious than ever. Later in the day, when the visitor had gone, it occurred to the master, for the first time, that Mr. Woodhatch had called the boy by his right name, though it had not been mentioned in any way.

"You don't like this place?"

"I hate it."

"You want to get away from it?" was Mr. Woodhatch's next question.

"I jest do."

"You're not going the right plan to get away from it, Greg."

"They can't keep me after the next two months, can they? I've done my four years then, ain't I? They won't murder me here, will they?" the boy inquired, in a husky voice as a start-off, but increasing in crescendo toward the finish.

"No, Greg, but after this—the prison! This is the Home of the One Chance, and you've been fool enough to turn away," said Mr. Woodhatch.

"I don't care about prison. I want to get there agin; it's better than this, ain't it? Why don't yer take me there? Didn't I try to set the place afire last night? Why don't yer do yer worst, and lag me for it? Why don't yer—"

Here Greg suddenly caught sight of one of his contemporaries who had hurt him last night in the mêlée, and with whom there had been a long outstanding feud; and with a yell of defiance he cut short his argument, and jumped toward him suddenly. There was a scuffling, a roar of many voices, the outbreak had come, and the "awful lark" was about to recommence—Greg did not care for numbers, for the masters, for the presence of any "blooming" visitor—when suddenly Mr. Woodhatch's arm was put out, and a hand of iron, and like an iron vise, was on his collar, and had brought him back within the circle as though he had been a baby.

"Just listen to me first, will you," said Mr. Woodhatch, with grave politeness, "and then settle your little differences afterward, and if these gentlemen will allow you."

"You let go my—" began Greg, when the voice of the man who held him said quickly in his ear, and in his ear alone:

"*Quiet. I've come from Kitty.*"

The boy gasped, stared, and was passive, and Mr. Woodhatch took his hand from the young prisoner.

"Greg," said Mr. Woodhatch, "all this does no good, and I want to be a friend to you."

"I ain't got no friends—I don't want any."

"What's the use of going on like this?" continued Mr. Woodhatch. "In two months you'll be out. And in two months—if you'll keep quiet, and try to do your best—I'll come and take you away myself."

"I don't want yer. Who are you, to—"

"I have said before to-day that I was a boy as bad as you are now—very likely worse—and that in going from this place to the world outside I met a friend who saved me, body and soul. Now when you leave here, Greg, I hope to be the man to meet you at the gates, and save you in my turn."

"I don't want to be saved. What the blazes do you want to save me for?"

"Will you let me try?"

"It ain't possible; that's a game won't answer here. It ain't to be done, I tell yer."

"Will you let me try?" he said again.

"Try be—"

"For the sake of some one you care about—a father or mother."

"Oh, they're fine uns, and no flies," exclaimed Greg, with a sudden shriek of derision at this appeal to his filial instincts.

"A brother—"

"Oh!"

"A sweetheart—some one who cares for you, outside there in the streets—an old pal, say. Say anything."

It was an odd appeal this, but, to the surprise of more than one, it seemed to touch some chord of feeling, or sympathy, or strange association, and the youth looked up with a new appealing and yet suspicious look.

"I wonder who you are?" he muttered. "I can't make you out. I never seed you in all my life afore."

"Will you let me be your friend? Will you trust me for four-and-twenty hours, Greg, when your time is up? Come."

"If you like," muttered Greg, "just to see what you're up to."

"And if they let you out of this cell—if I beg you off—will you try for the next two months to be more like the rest of them?"

"No, I won't!" cried Greg at once—"I won't try here, only to smash that cussed Barnaby, and that feller there, and that one."

"Ah! you'll think better of this."

"If I'd had a knife last night, I'd have killed one or two of yer, and been swung for it. And a blessed good job too for the lot on us."

"We will attempt something more blessed in its work," said Mr. Woodhatch, sternly. "There, go back to your 'dark.' In two months' time I shall see you again; I shall call for you."

Greg regarded him suspiciously again.

"It's a plant, I know," he muttered in reply; but he nodded as if in assent, and then with an all-round scowl slouched back into his cell, like a wild beast into its den, and the key was turned upon him, and the bolts shot into their grooves.

When the boys had dispersed, and the assistant masters had gone after them, Mr. Fretwell and Mr. Woodhatch moved slowly toward the outer gate, over which Master Crapper kept guard. Mr. Fretwell moved on thoughtfully and with his gaze bent downward. He was more puzzled than ever with his philanthropic visitor: had it not been for his address card, and still more for the handsome donation toward the funds of the institution, he should have been suspicious of him. He was not quite certain that he understood, after all, the real motive for his coming; and why the man should pick out Greg Dorward as an object upon which to lavish sympathy and care and money—perhaps affection even—was beyond human comprehension, the result being so assuredly failure and loss of heart and faith.

He ventured to say something like this in a few words, and Mr. Woodhatch, who was thoughtful too, and, for a wonder, particularly silent, heard him out, and then said,

"I do not say I shall succeed."

"You see it takes away the chance from one more deserving," added Mr. Fretwell; "it gives you work to do which must end in a miserable fashion."

"It is not for you or me to say how it will end," answered Mr. Woodhatch, "and it is beyond our power to guess at it. Good-day, and thanks."

"Thanks to you, Mr. Woodhatch," answered the master.

"In two months you will see or hear from me again," continued the other. "Meanwhile send me a receipt for the money."

"Certainly."

"And if you can make the boy's lines more easy here—touch his heart in some way or other—it may be an easier task for me outside with him," he added.

"He will not listen to a word."

"You will not make a case of this last foolish act of his—a police case, I mean? That would complicate the machinery with which I hope to work, and," he added, ruefully, "it is complicated enough already."

"Oh, it was a wicked boy's outburst; we are punishing him our own way for that."

"And a very stupid way it is," observed John Woodhatch, bluntly, as he departed, leaving first a shilling with Master Crapper for the trouble he had given him.

Mr. Fretwell watched him across the common for a while, and saw presently, to his surprise, that he was joined by a young woman—hardly a lady—who looked up at him eagerly as he approached her, and evidently asked him many questions.

"No, I'm hanged if I make you out," he said again, as he returned to his office. "I'll have a good look at the old reports next Sunday, and see what *you* were like and where you came from, Mr. Woodhatch."

But he could not wait till the following Sunday, which was his leisure day for "extras." The man who had called upon him that afternoon was more upon his mind than he had bargained for; disturbed him and his accounts, came between him and his office books, his correspondence, and his regulations; troubled him at tea more than his unruly family of five boys, who were all troublesome, and a pale, peevish little wife, who seemed fading away behind the urn, which the youngest child was trying to tip over; troubled him when the work was done, and the house was still, and all was reported well in the big establishment over which he had charge, and cut short the reading of a novel aloud to his wife whilst she darned and burrowed through a mountain of socks.

"My dear, I must look at the old report-books; I can't help it. The man was such a singular beast," he said, starting up in the middle of a chapter, and rushing off to the next room, where there were many volumes ranged on shelves; records of lives and incidents far more striking than in most novels, and full, at times, of a deeper and truer pathos.

Twenty-five years ago to the very day, a quarter of a century, John Woodhatch had said. It would be easy to find him amongst the records, dated as they were, and alphabetically arranged, these fleeting glimpses of lives begun, lives ended, lives "broken short, and ending in a ruin." Ah, here it was amongst the "W's." He turned up the gas-burner, and read, "*John Woodhatch, admitted to the Reformatory August the 14th, 18—.*" Let him see what the old book had to say of this man—of the boy and his antecedents.

He did not return to his wife, and Mrs. Fretwell, very sick of darning socks, and of her own meek, unobtrusive company, and a little put out by her lord and master's unceremonious neglect of her, presently passed into the office after him.

"As if you hadn't time all day, Felix, to attend to this tiresome business," she said as she entered; "as if—"

But Mr. Fretwell's position, sitting cross-legged on a chair, with his elbows planted on the open ledger-like volume, and his eyes, as she said afterward, "popping out of his head," and his hands buried in his light straight hair, and sending it out all manner of ways, hedgehog wise, cut short her protest against marital neglect.

"Good God! Fanny, just listen to this," he said, inelegantly, as he became aware of her presence at his side: "here's a rum start!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SEARCH FOR CAPTAIN DE LONG.

The details of the mournful tragedy on the Lena River are already familiar to the public; but our readers can not fail to find a melancholy interest in the sketches which we print on page 633, which portray the closing incidents of the search for the brave men who perished before succor could reach them.

The central illustration, drawn from a slight sketch in the note-book of Mr. Collins, conveys a graphic idea of the retreat from the scene of the wreck of the *Jeannette*, one of the most memorable of arctic boat voyages. To the left of this a picture, taken from the same note-book, shows the little party making their toilsome way through the deep snow along the banks of the Lena. Above this picture is a reduced fac-simile of the last page in the note-book of Captain De Long.

These illustrations, like those in the preceding number of Harper's Weekly, have been engraved expressly for this paper from the sketches of Mr. Larsen, a staff artist of the *Illustrated London News*, who accompanied the expedition sent by Mr. Bennett in search of Captain De Long and his companions.

RECENT MARINE INVENTIONS.

Oddities in ocean navigation are in order this year. There would seem to be no end to the limits of men's imagination in inventing craft of every kind and size, from submarine torpedo boats to preposterously big freight steamers. Many of the inventions die in the Patent-office, some go begging for capital, and others are taken up by stock companies and thoroughly tested. There is a belief among men interested in shipping that America will regain her position among the maritime nations of the earth through a lucky idea by one of her thousands of inventors by which a revolution will be effected in ocean travel. This spirit is seen in the eagerness with which new schemes are taken up and experimented with by men of capital. There have been many failures and some successes. The new craft are often very radical departures from old models, but this is in most cases considered a point in their favor. A noteworthy invention is the steamer *Meteor*, designed by Captain A. Perry Bliven, of New York, and constructed under his supervision at James E. Smith's ship-yard at Nyack-on-the-Hudson.

The *Meteor* is an entirely new departure from the steamers now afloat, is expected to make a very high rate of speed, and is utterly without masts or rigging of any sort above her deck. She is very stoutly built, and has unusually graceful lines. It is claimed by her inventor that she will be able to make from a mile and a half to two miles an hour faster headway than she would if she was obliged to drive the heavy masts and spars of an ordinary steamer through the air. She is built of wood, and her dimensions are: length over all, 156 feet; custom-house measurement, 147 feet; depth of hold, 17 feet; beam, 21.08½ feet; beam at water line, 16.10¾ feet; keel, 128 feet; draught forward, 6 feet, and aft, 11 feet; tonnage, 533 custom-house measurement. She has a phosphor-bronze screw 10 feet in diameter, 11 feet pitch, calculated to make 350 revolutions a minute, giving the screw a speed of forty-five miles an hour, and the steamer a speed of twenty-one miles an hour. She is built wider at the deck than at the water line, differing radically from the ordinary steamers. It is believed that this build will make her steadier at sea, because as soon as she begins to roll, her beam increases and checks the motion. The deck is almost clear, the only thing noticeable being the dome-shaped pilot-house just forward the smoke-stacks. The *Meteor's* boiler is of enormous power, and far larger than the boiler in any other vessel of her size. It is of steel, with 7850 feet of tubing tested by hydrostatic pressure at 2050 pounds, and by steam at 1000 pounds to the square inch. She will work under 500 pounds of steam, ordinary vessels running under sixty to ninety pounds pressure.

This tremendous power will be developed through double compound engines, the high-pressure cylinders being inside the low-pressure cylinders. The smaller ones are made of phosphor-bronze. The low-pressure cylinders are 20 by 24 inches, and the high-pressure 10 by 24 inches. The steam is given to all four of the cylinders by a rotary valve, and enters the high-pressure cylinders at 500 pounds, exhausts into a receiver, and is taken thence into the low-pressure cylinder at 250 pounds pressure. Thus she has a calculated horse-power of 1600, where vessels of her size generally have from 180 to 200 horse-power. She is expected to make at least twenty-one miles an hour, whereas the big steamers now go fast when running eighteen miles. The *Meteor* is the pioneer vessel of the National Construction Company, which will establish a ship-yard at Bay Ridge, Long Island, where land has already been bought. The company is composed of American capitalists who are interested in ocean steamers. The *Meteor* will be followed by large steel steamers of the same model, which, if the expectations of the inventor are realized, will work a revolution in ocean steamship navigation.

Perhaps a greater oddity than the *Meteor* is the Fryer buoyant propeller, the *Alice*. A working model of this queer craft stands in a brick-yard at Hastings-on-the-Hudson, where it is an object of great curiosity. Passengers on Hudson River steamers bring their glasses to bear upon it in a vain endeavor to make it out. The model consists of a triangular frame-work resting on three wheels, which are in the same relation to each other as the wheels of a tricycle. These wheels are spheroidal in shape, about six feet in diameter, and are housed above with dome-shaped covers. Each sphere is a propeller, having flanges or buckets at the sides at right angles to the vertical diameter, and acting upon the water like a paddle-wheel. These spheroids are driven by steam. At the same time they serve as floats, and are submerged about one-sixth of their capacity. Another feature of the propellers is that they have an iron tire or keel, by means of which they may be made to serve as wheels, and carry the vessel along a track on dry land. An engine rests on the frame-work between the two propellers that are opposite each other. The frame-work forming the deck is supported on the axes of the wheels, so that it is several feet above the surface of the water.

Robert Fryer, the inventor, conceived the idea of his water-car about twelve years ago, and has been engaged in making experiments ever since. His first model was made on a small scale. It consisted of three hollow copper globes connected by axles to a frame superstructure, and of the same form as the larger model. The spheres were twelve inches in diameter, and were made to revolve by springs placed inside, and wound up by keys. After repeated experiments in a tank, it was rigged with a small sail and launched on the Harlem River, with good results. Daily experiments were subsequently made with the steam model on the Harlem, much to the astonishment of those who caught sight of it. It was found that it could be turned in its own length, that there was no appreciable slipping, and that it was little affected by the action of the wind or tide. When the *Alice* was taken to Hastings it made part of the distance on dry land, steaming along the road like a great lumbering wagon.

The plan proposes a huge hollow semi-cylinder for the superstructure, containing saloons and state-rooms, with masts and rigging above for carrying sails. One claim made for the buoyant propeller is that it can not be overturned in the roughest sea, on account of its triangular shape, and that its oscillation in a violent sea will be less than that of an ordinary vessel on comparatively smooth water. The advantage from this is that passengers would have no fear of seasickness. The inventor believes that his ship will excel the steam vessels now in use in point of convenience and comfort, and be a safer means of transit, as the ship proper would stand thirty feet above the water, and out of reach of the waves even in a stormy sea. It is also designed to apply the same principle to the construction of dispatch and life boats. If the water-car comes up to the expectations of its inventor, it will make the passage of the Atlantic between Sundays.

Another noteworthy invention now in New York Harbor is the catamaran steam-tug built by J. O. Brown at his ship-yard in Tarrytown. Its inventor, Captain J. Rosse, will claim the reward offered by the government for a steamboat that can run in canals without washing or otherwise injuring the banks. The practical utility of the craft has not yet been proved, but it is believed that it will prove very powerful in towing canal-boats without making a destructive washing against the bank. The boat is built of two very narrow hulls fifty-three feet in length, with the machinery and weight thoroughly balanced on them. She lies low, so as to pass under the canal bridges. A huge belt which runs fore and aft over two drums at right angles with and between the two hulls has buckets or paddles fixed across its outer surface. The power is applied to the drums, and the belt is moved around from forward to aft, taking the water easily, and leaving it without making a commotion. The novelty has so far made satisfactory speed.

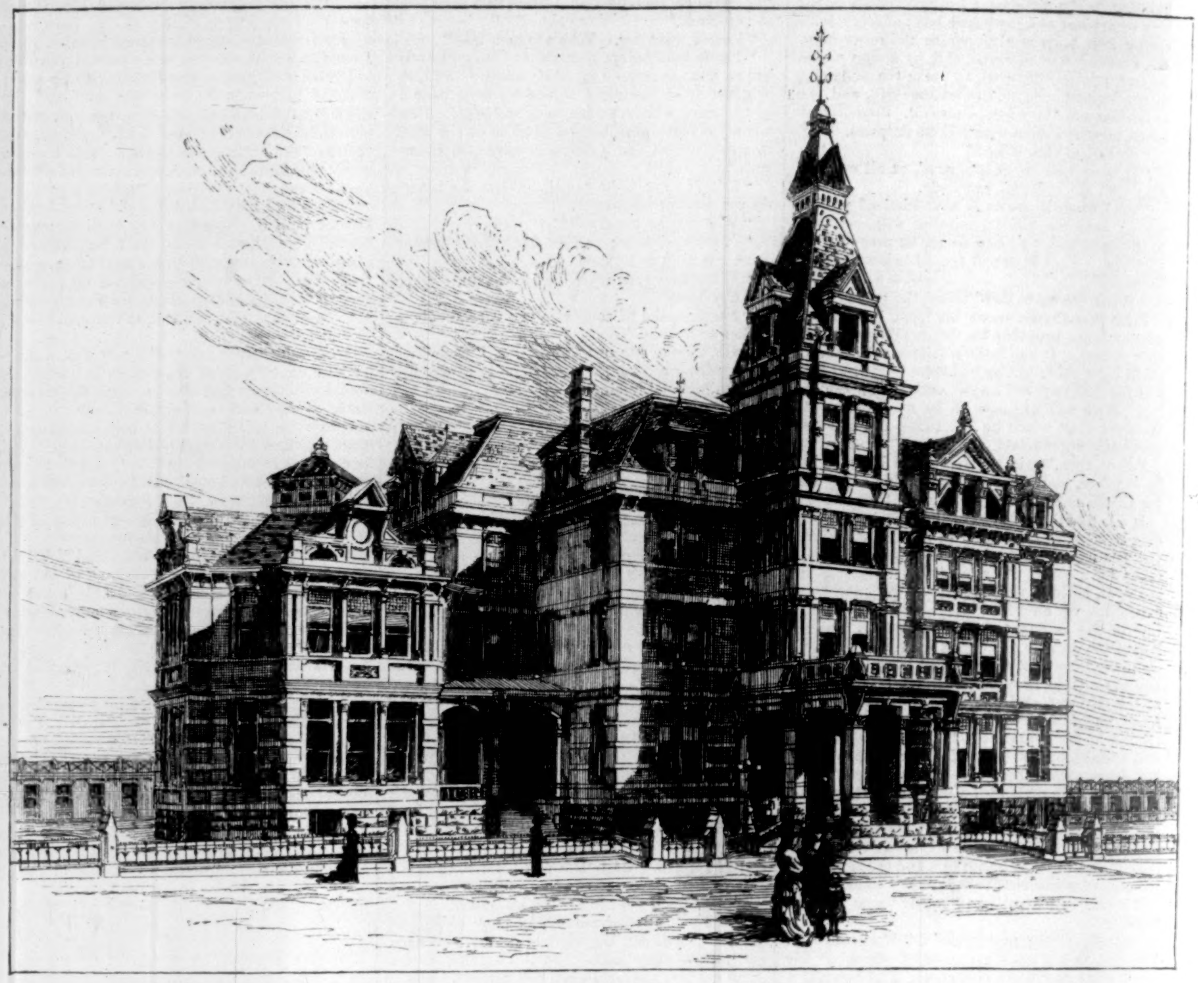
THE SENEY HOSPITAL.

THE new hospital under Methodist supervision, yet open alike to Jew or Gentile, Protestant or Roman Catholic, known as the Seney Hospital, occupies the block bounded by Seventh and Eighth avenues and Sixth and Seventh streets, Brooklyn, measuring 695 by 200 feet. It will be composed of a cluster of nine buildings. The corner-stone of the central or Administration Building, an illustration of which is given on this page, was laid on Wednesday, September 20. These buildings are to be connected by corridors, and it is understood all are to be erected at the expense of GEORGE I. SENEY, Esq., the founder of the hospital.

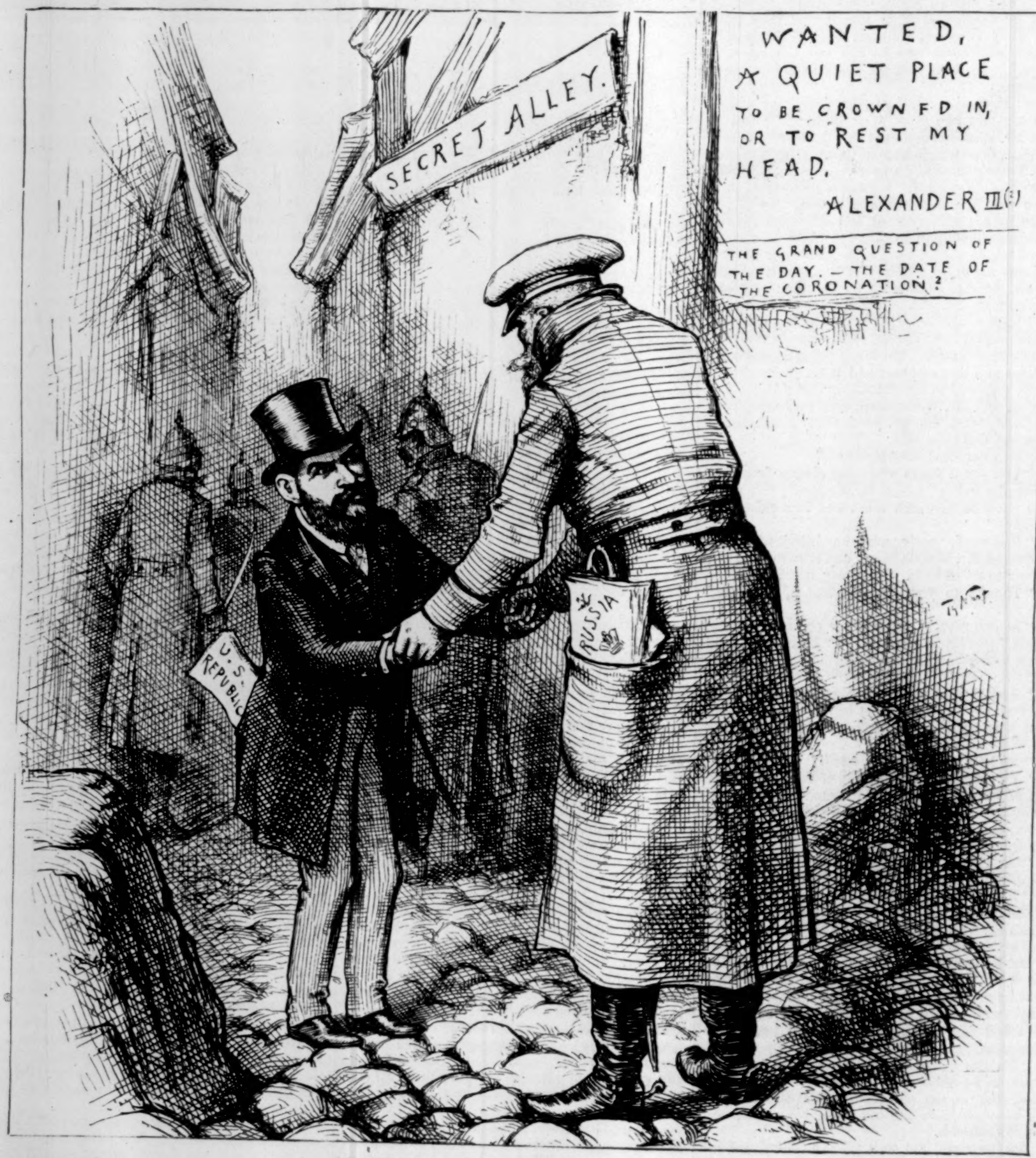
In January, 1881, an editorial appeared in *The Christian Advocate*, of New York, urging that it was time that Methodists should establish a general hospital. In a few days a letter was received from Mr. GEORGE I. SENEY, president of the Metropolitan Bank, in this city, approving the sentiment, and offering sixteen lots, worth $40,000, and $200,000 in cash, for the establishment of a hospital under Methodist direction, but open to all without restriction; and with this amount in hand the hospital was begun. Ground was broken in March, 1882, and the central building has already advanced to the first story. It is to be built of brick and brown stone, in the Queen Anne style, bordering on the Renaissance. Its dimensions are 162 feet in width and 67 in depth, with extensions front and rear respectively 25 and 30 feet. No exact estimate can be made of the cost, as it is being constructed in the best manner by days' work, instead of by contract. The Administration Building will cost not far from $300,000, and the entire hospital about $1,000,000. The architect is Mr. JOHN MUMFORD, of Brooklyn.

The essential thought which had run through all the plans had been that of isolation. Each building is isolated, and each room in each building is isolated. No ward will contain more than twenty-four beds, and there will be no bed upon which the direct rays of the sun may not fall at some time during the day. The systems of fresh air supply and foul air removal are entirely independent of any other ward; and no one will be able to pass from one ward to another, even when the wards are in the same building, without first going into the open air. The hospital will afford accommodations for over two hundred beds. The managers of the hospital named in the act of incorporation were: George I. Seney, the founder; Bishops W. L. Harris, of this city; Matthew Simpson, of Philadelphia; Randolph S. Foster, of Boston; Edward Andrews, of Washington—each of whom is of the Methodist Episcopal denomination; also Lewis S. Pilcher, M.D., Daniel Ayres, M.D., ex-Commissioner John French, John M. Phillips, Mark Hoyt, William J. Hutchinson, Daniel A. Goodsell, George G. Reynolds, Milton S. Terry, James N. Fitzgerald, James H. Taft, William H. Stiles, Stephen Barker, Henry A. Butts, James M. Fuller, Theodore Runyon, Thomas L. Rushmore, John Elliott, Albert D. Vail, William M. Ingraham, John B. Cornell, James M. Buckley, Oliver Hoyt, and Samuel Booth, ex-Mayor of Brooklyn.

Dr. JAMES M. BUCKLEY, the well-known editor of the *Christian Advocate*, New York, is president of the board, and Dr. J. N. FITZGERALD is secretary.



THE SENEY HOSPITAL, BROOKLYN—VIEW OF THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.—FROM THE ARCHITECT'S DRAWING.


SECRET ALLEY.
WANTED, A QUIET PLACE TO BE CROWNFD IN, OR TO REST MY HEAD. ALEXANDER III(?)
THE GRAND QUESTION OF THE DAY.—THE DATE OF THE CORONATION?
U.S. REPUBLIC
RUSSIA
Th. Nast

LE JEU NE VAUT PAS LA CHANDELLE.

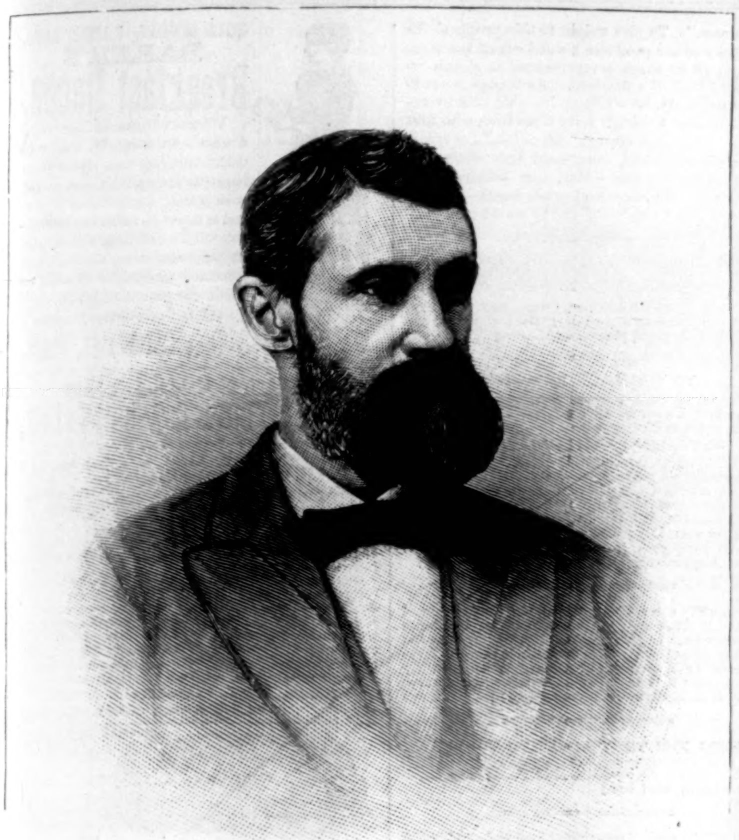
THE WANDERING ALEXANDER. "They say, Mr. GOULD, that you aspire to become absolute ruler of the American Republic, in which case you may have as pleasant a time as I do."

THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

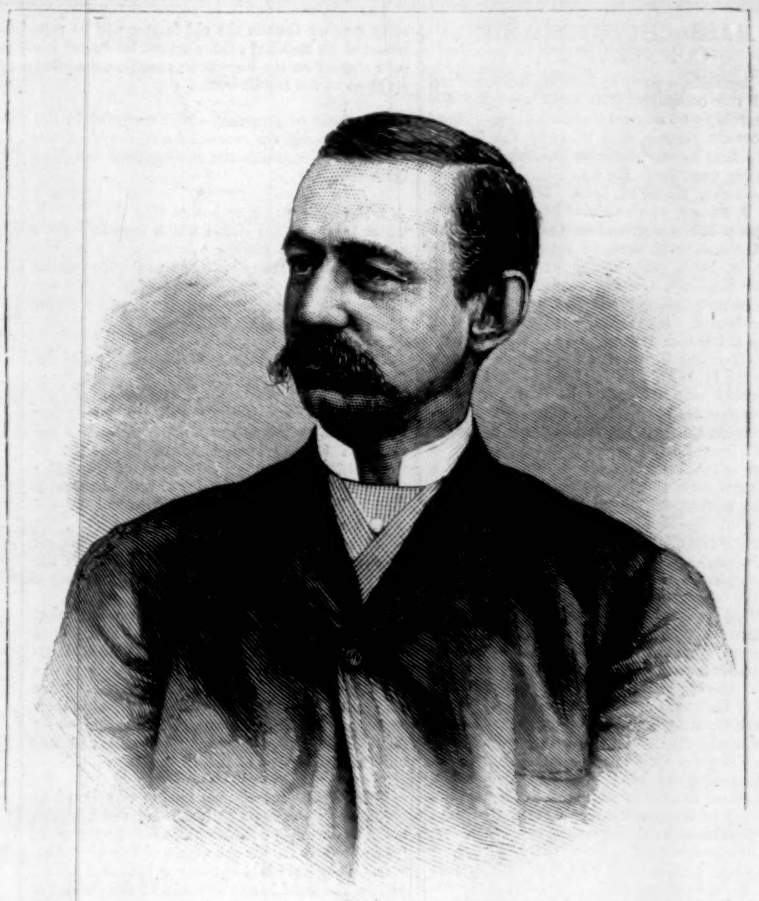
THE fourteenth reunion of the Army of the Cumberland, at Milwaukee, on September 21 and 22, was an event of unusual interest, not only to the gallant boys in blue, who were the chief participants in the programme, but also to many thousand civilians, who gave them cordial welcome to their beautiful city. The weather for the most part was favorable, and everything passed off satisfactorily.

The reception at Schultz Park on the evening of the first day was a grand affair. The grounds were brilliantly illuminated, and were thronged with people. The main entrance to the hall was elaborately festooned with national flags, while on the inside the gallery was gracefully draped with bunting of red, white, and blue, intertwining with the respective corps, division, and brigade badges. Above this were arranged the bullet-riddled ensigns of the twelve Wisconsin regiments that followed the fortunes of the Army of the Cumberland. The stage was also handsomely decorated, and adorned with various symbols of war and peace.. The brave veterans as they marched in, led by General PHIL SHERIDAN, were received with rapturous applause. Governor RUSH and Mayor STOWELL delivered addresses of welcome, to which General SHERIDAN was called to respond. After the applause which greeted him had subsided, the distinguished General made a characteristic speech. He was a soldier, he said, and not an orator, and they should have selected a man who could pick words from the English language suitable for such an occasion. When, a year ago, the Association elected to come to Milwaukee, they knew they would meet with a warm reception. It was the home of many of their comrades in arms. Many of Wisconsin's brave boys filled soldiers' graves while battling for the Union, and this served to more strongly bind the survivors. General SHERIDAN then thanked the people of Wisconsin in behalf of the Society for the cordial welcomes they had received, and closed by introducing the orator of the occasion, General GROSVENOR, of Ohio, who delivered an eloquent address.

The second day opened with a grand procession, which moved north on Broadway to Division Street, west to Chestnut Street, west to Ninth Street, south to Grand Avenue, east to West Water Street, south to Reed Street, south to South Water Street, east to East Water Street, north to Huron Street, east to Broadway, and north to Wisconsin Street. On every hand the buildings were gayly decorated with the national colors. Along the entire route the demonstration was hearty. More than all were the veterans from the Soldiers' Home the recipients of affectionate expres-

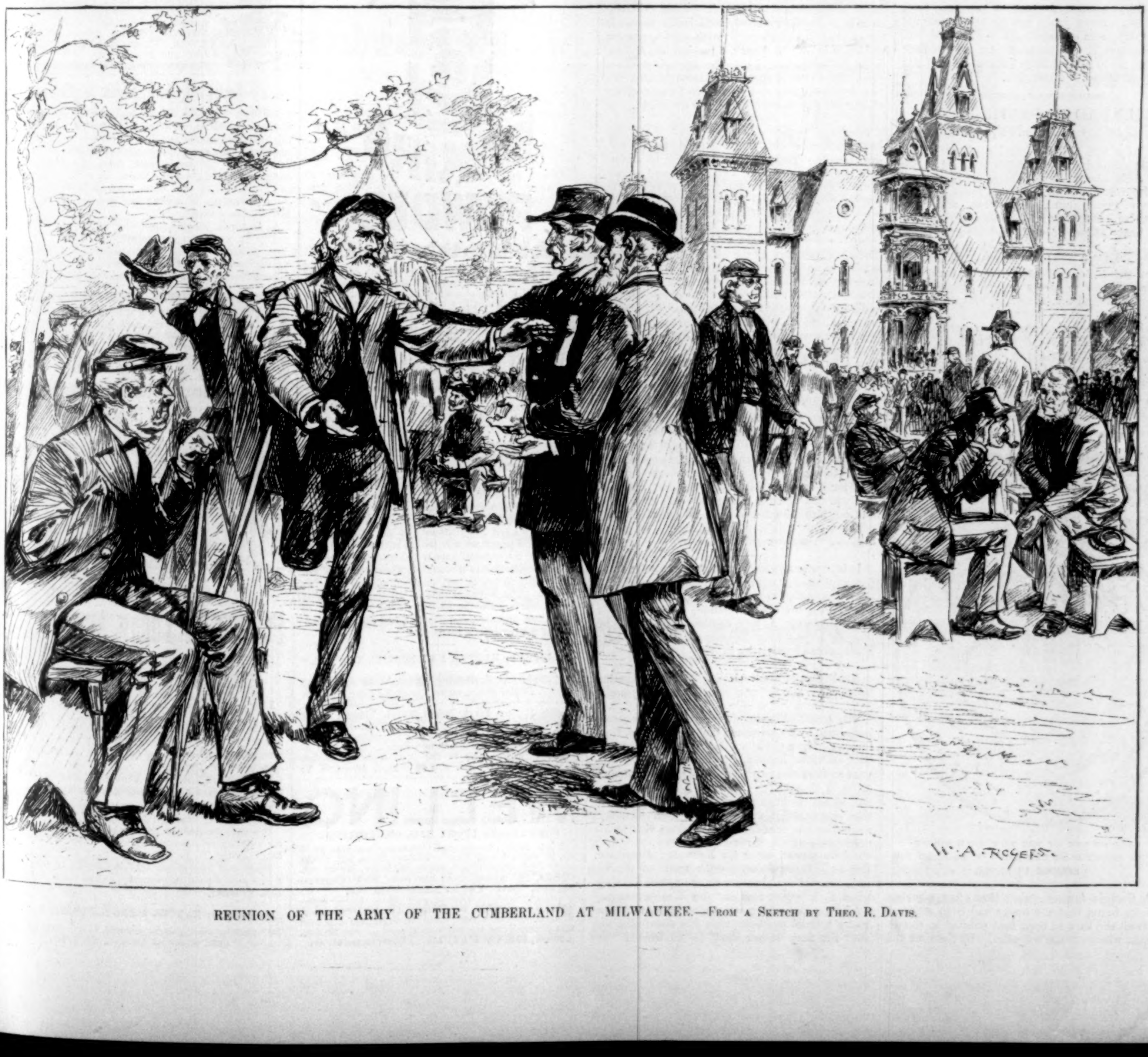


HON. ROBERT R. BISHOP, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE NOTMAN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.—[SEE PAGE 638.]



GEN. W. H. BULKELEY, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF CONNECTICUT.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY OLSEN.—[SEE PAGE 638.]

sions of esteem. As the two hundred noble men who had sacrificed so much for their country marched along, they were met by tokens of special regard. Strong men wept and cheered, while ladies waved their handkerchiefs and clapped their hands. A banquet in the evening at the National Home ended the proceedings, and the army was dismissed to meet again, nex ttime at Cincinnati. General PHIL SHERIDAN was chosen President for the ensuing year. A pleasing feature of the reunion, pictured by our artist, was the visit of a number of the officers to the Northwestern Branch of the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers. Here are veterans from every Northern State, who warmly welcomed those who had led them in battle twenty years ago. General STARKWEATHER, of Wisconsin, found more than thirty of his old soldiers in the Home. Many a friendly chat was had, and many a "God bless you!" passed from one to another as the officers took their leave. The men all seemed to be well satisfied with the management of the institution, and grateful for the shelter it affords them in their declining years.



REUNION OF THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND AT MILWAUKEE.—FROM A SKETCH BY THEO. R. DAVIS.

MASSACHUSETTS AND CONNECTICUT.

THE Republican party in both these States has entered the campaign with candidates for the Governorship who can not be beaten. Hon. ROBERT ROBERTS BISHOP, who contests the Massachusetts field against General BUTLER, is a man of sterling qualities. He was born in Medfield, Massachusetts, March 31, 1834. His father, JONATHAN P. BISHOP, who was well known as a lawyer, was a Free-soiler, and it was his vote that elected CHARLES SUMNER to the United States Senate in 1851. Mr. BISHOP was educated at Phillips Academy, Andover. He was unable to enter Harvard College, as he had intended, being in poor health. He studied law in the office of BROOKS & BALL, of Boston, and in the Dana Law School, Harvard University, from which he was graduated in 1857. In 1861 he formed a law partnership with THORNTON K. LOTHROP. This firm was dissolved in 1879, Mr. BISHOP continuing the practice. Mr. BISHOP removed his residence in 1862 from Boston to Newton Centre, and in 1874 he entered the State Legislature as a Representative from the last-named town. He declined a re-election. Since 1878 he has been a member of the Senate, being President of that body since 1880. Mr. BISHOP takes an active interest in local history, and he is the author of the only complete history of the Massachusetts Senate. His attainments in the classics have been recognized by Darmouth College with the honorary degree of Master of Arts.

General WILLIAM H. BULKELEY, the present Lieutenant-Governor of Connecticut, and candidate for Governor, is a descendant of the Rev. PETER BULKELEY, the founder of Concord, Massachusetts. He was born on March 2, 1840, at East Haddam, Connecticut, but removed to Hartford seven years later with his father, ELIPHALET BULKELEY, who was then School-fund Commissioner. General BULKELEY was educated in the public schools of Hartford. When his school days were over he entered the employment of a dry-goods firm, and in 1857 removed to Brooklyn, New York, where he remained for a time with another firm. He then conducted a successful dry-goods house for himself for six years. General BULKELEY was a member of the Thirteenth New York Regiment when the war broke out, and he went with his command to the front in 1861. In 1862 he organized Company G of the Fifty-sixth New York Regiment, and was elected Captain. He served in General SMITH'S division until his regiment was ordered home during the draft riots of 1863. Shortly afterward the regiment was disbanded, its term of service having expired. General BULKELEY returned to Hartford in 1868, and organized the KELLOGG & BULKELEY COMPANY, lithographers, of which he has since been President. Three years ago he purchased the largest dry-goods establishment in Hartford, and has managed it with success. He is an officer and director in several large institutions, and has held local offices of distinction.

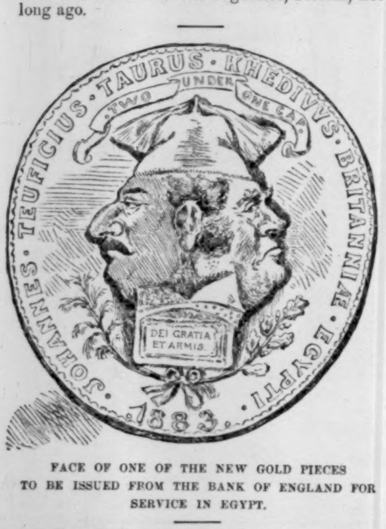
RAILROAD CATASTROPHE IN GERMANY.

ON page 628 will be found a picture of the terrible railroad accident which occurred on the 3d of September near Hugstetten, on the branch line from Freiburg to Colmar. The train, consisting of twenty-four passenger cars, and carrying twelve hundred excursionists, was overtaken by a heavy storm of wind and rain, and while rounding a curve upon a steep embankment struck a telegraph pole which had been blown across the track. Nineteen of the cars were either smashed to pieces or precipitated down the embankment into a morass, into which they sank.

It is estimated that more than one hundred persons lost their lives, crushed to death in the broken cars or smothered in the deep mud of the morass, and that more than three times that number were seriously injured. Some of the dead were mutilated beyond recognition.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

IT is said that the first orange-tree ever known to be struck by lightning was destroyed by a bolt that descended near St. Augustine, Florida, not long ago.


JOHANNES · TEUFICIUS · TAURUS · KHEDIVUS · BRITANNIAE · EGYPTI ·
TWO UNDER ONE CAP
DEI GRATIA ET ARMIS
1883

FACE OF ONE OF THE NEW GOLD PIECES TO BE ISSUED FROM THE BANK OF ENGLAND FOR SERVICE IN EGYPT.

A Georgia farmer claims that after a recent gale he found that the husks had been stripped from all the ears of corn that pointed in the direction whence came the wind. By the time the story reaches Omaha the old farmer will be represented as making affidavit that he found his corn shelled on the barn floor, and the cobs piled up close to the smoke-house.

The cases of lynching which occurred in the United States in the course of a recent week are said to have outnumbered the legalized hangings three to one.

A Nevada newspaper boasts that that State is the only one in the Union which does not share in the River and Harbor job, the only one without a distillery, the only one in which men doing unskilled labor are paid wages on which they can live respectably, and the only one in which no religious weekly is published.

There are indications that the backbone of the drought has been broken.

The Democrats of the South are not calling mass-meetings to express their approval of the selection by the Massachusetts Democrats of General Butler as their candidate for Governor. General Butler's alleged avowal to a reporter that he has always been a Democrat will not produce a more cordial feeling on the part of the Southern brethren, for in their opinion the longer a man has been a Massachusetts Democrat the less he is to be esteemed.

A correspondent in Washington writes that the Republican leaders there are beginning to fear the results of Jay Hubbell's piratical exploits among government employés. "Numbers of the assessed," this correspondent writes, "are known to have determined not to go to their States to vote. Some may go to make their votes tell against the party that has established this hateful department of political assessment."

The *Scientific American* having mentioned as quick work the laying of railroad track at the rate of two miles a day, a Canadian paper says: "The Canada Pacific are ahead of this by a long way. They have laid as many as ten miles a day; and on the occasion of the trip of the Press Association up the line they laid down a short piece at the rate of a mile an hour."

The work of repairing Bunker Hill Monument, which has been going on for six weeks, is finished; and as a work of art the Monument once more compares favorably with its rival, the Charlestown Navy-yard smoke-stack.

The River and Harbor Bill appropriates five thousand dollars for improving the channel of Potowomut River, in Rhode Island, and a Providence paper claims to have discovered that the river is to be dredged only sufficiently to admit the steam-yacht of a wealthy man whose summer residence is on its banks. Instead of finding fault, all Rhode Island should rejoice over its escape. The next River and Harbor Bill may contain appropriations and provisions for shovelling all the little sea-board States into the ocean.

Southern newspapers report that the comet has produced unusual excitement among the colored people. The printed accounts of its arrival credited it with having two wings and a tail. These were read by educated negroes to their illiterate neighbors, who repeated the story to others with such additions that in the backwoods regions the darkies were out scanning the firmament for a glimpse of a veritable fiery dragon. The class-meetings at the churches increased to almost unprecedented proportions, and unusual fervency marked the exercises. The Charleston (South Carolina) *News and Courier* says: "An ordinary comet with a single tail generally excites a commotion, but when two wings are added there is a sublimity attached to the heavenly vagabond that strikes the heart of the average colored citizen with terror, and invests him with an inordinate desire to flee from the wrath to come."

The writer of a communication to the *Pall Mall Gazette* asserts that the practice of carrying pocket fire-arms is steadily on the increase in England. "To use or carry a gun," he writes, "a man must obtain an annual license, because it may be employed to shoot a partridge or a rabbit; for a revolver (six pistols in one), intended solely to shoot human beings, he needs no license, and can buy the fatal weapon, no questions asked, at a gunsmith's, or iron-monger's, or pawnbroker's" for a few shillings.

It is now announced that a new explosive more powerful than dynamite has been discovered by the Russian Nihilists. The longer the uncrowned Czar postpones his coronation, the greater the peril becomes. A less cautious man would be tempted to hurry up the ceremony while yet there is a chance of surviving it.

Mr. Blaine is credited with having designated Mr. Oscar Wilde as "that underdone young man."

The credit of having discovered the new comet is claimed by a washer-woman of Frankfort, Kentucky, and by a clerk in a Cincinnati soap factory, both of whom happened to be scouring the heavens on the same morning. The washer-woman's claim is vigorously pressed by a Kentucky journal, which declines to entertain the hypothesis that the celestial wanderer has been seen and named on the occasion of a previous visit to the neighborhood of the sun, and insists that it shall be named after its Kentucky discoverer. But as Rebecca Johnson—the name of the woman—would sound rather commonplace when applied to a comet, and as "the Washer-woman" would be scarcely more appropriate, the Kentucky journal proposes, with fine discrimination, that the fiery visitor shall be christened "the Laundress." To give weight to this proposal the Kentucky editor produces a wood-cut of the comet, in which its shape is represented as closely resembling that of a flat-iron. As though to stop all controversey, he winds up his able plea by announcing that although Lord Crawford, who first saw the comet in England, "may kick," the editor wants it "distinctly understood that when this comet appears again—fifty, one hundred, two hundred, or two thousand years hence—it is to be called 'the Laundress,' and by no other name."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

AS A REFRIGERANT DRINK IN FEVERS.

DR. C. H. S. DAVIS, Meriden, Conn., says: "I have used it as a pleasant and cooling drink in fevers, and have been very much pleased with it."—[*Adv.*]

TO OUR LADY READERS.

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LONG ERE THEY BEGIN TO TODDLE

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You will be sure of pure, rich blood and good health and strength if you use Parker's Ginger Tonic.—[*Adv.*]

FOR a delicious breakfast try THURBER'S Shredded Oats. Healthy and strengthening.—[*Adv.*]

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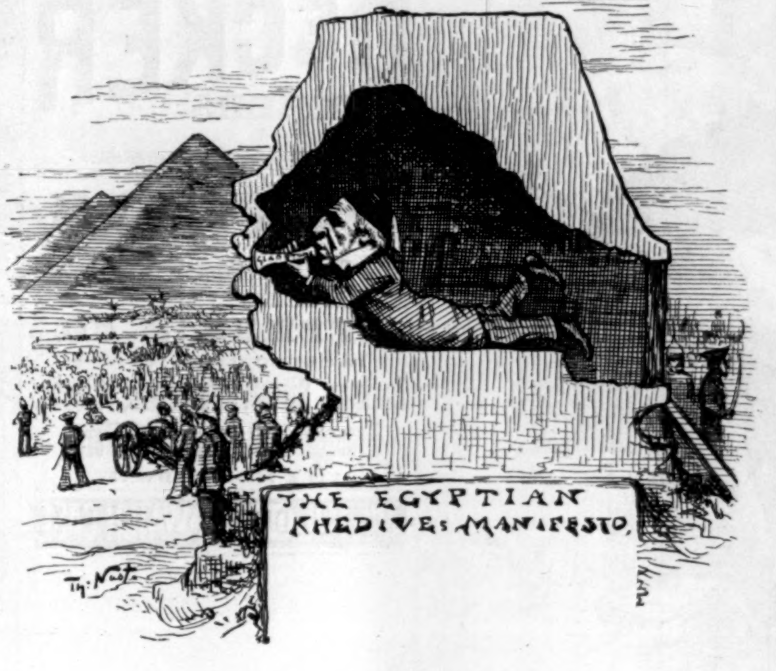

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